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The Session.
Spanish Perplexities.
The Queen's Speech.
Irish Judicial Stumping.
Indian Civil Service.
The Cholera in Italy.
A Tory Trades' Union.
Mr. Emerson at Harvard.

Joint-Stock Frauds.
The Deer-Parks of England.
The Agricultural Mind Again.
The House of Commons and the
Parliamentary Reporters.
Flitting-Time.
Horrible Briskness.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS:—
Music.—The London Theatres.
SCIENCE:—
Scientific Jottings.
MONEY AND COMMERCE:—
The Money Market.
REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Bunsen's Egypt's Place.

The Alpine Journal.
Two Irish Chiefs.
The Percy Folio.
William Edmondstone Aytoun.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the
Week.

THE SESSION.

THE session of 1867 will form a conspicuous era in the political history of England. The "leap in the dark" which Parliament has just taken must be followed by the most momentous and the most permanent results—for evil as some fear, for good as we hope and believe. To this year must be traced back the enfranchisement of the great mass of the people and the abolition of anything like a monopoly of power in the hands of a ruling class. In this year it will also be recollected that the Tory party were converted into Radical Reformers, and were induced, under the ingenious manipulation of Mr. Disraeli, to become the ardent advocates of household suffrage. Whether we regard the intrinsic importance of the one great measure for which the present session will be memorable, or the curious and exciting manœuvres and contests of parties and of political leaders by which its course has been marked, the retrospect of the past six months is full of instruction and of interest. If ever a Government was pledged by the speeches of its leading members during the previous session to oppose any measure of Parliamentary Reform, this may safely be affirmed of the Administration of Lord Derby. The moderate measure which Mr. Gladstone introduced last year was opposed and defeated by arguments which asserted or implied that any extension of the suffrage was unnecessary, and would probably be injurious; and although the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer refrained from committing themselves to a distinct declaration against Reform under any circumstances and under any conditions, they were certainly indebted for office and power to the support of those whom Mr. Lowe had convinced of the perfection of the British Constitution as it was fashioned by the Act of 1832. The agitation which took place during the recess both in the North of England and in the metropolis convinced the members of the Government that it was no longer possible to ignore or withstand the popular movement; but, although we have been informed that in the course of the autumn Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby held frequent conferences upon the subject, it is doubtful whether these statesmen had, at the opening of Parliament, any clear or definite idea of the policy which ought to be pursued; and it is certain that the Cabinet, as a body, were quite in the dark on the subject. Such general and hazy notions as they had upon Reform evidently bore no resemblance to the measure which only the other day received the Royal Assent. Her Majesty's Speech at the outset of the session referred, in cautious and guarded terms, to the question of Reform; but there was one point on which its language was decisive and unambiguous. The coming Bill was to be prepared with a due regard to the maintenance of the existing balance of power amongst the different classes in the State; the Act which has just passed ignores all reference to "classes" or to "balances of power;" and scatters the suffrage broadcast over the country in a way which unquestionably invests that portion of the community which is the most numerous with supreme power in the State, should they combine together in order to exercise it. At this result the Government and the House of Commons have arrived by a process of "drifting," which is eminently discreditable to both. Whatever may be the merits of the new Reform Act, no one believes that it is the deliberate expression

of the views or wishes either of the Administration or the Legislature.

The one thing upon which Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby seem to have made up their minds at the commencement of the session was, that under no circumstances would they allow the Reform question to afford their opponents an opportunity of regaining power. With this view Mr. Disraeli proceeded to test the temper of the House of Commons, and especially of his own supporters, by the introduction, on the 11th February, of a series of Resolutions, which was calculated to conceal rather than to express the views of the Government. The terms in which they were couched were so vague as to cover any measure which the Government might decide on adopting; and the only definite statement in the speech by which they were introduced was a declaration that the Ministry would take the House of Commons into their confidence, and be guided in a great measure by its wishes, because in the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the time had come when the fate of an administration should no longer depend upon its power to pass a Reform Bill. The general impression produced by the Resolutions was that the Government had no policy on the subject, and that they were merely casting about to discover the course which might be most consistent with their retention of office. On the 25th of February Mr. Disraeli moved the adoption of the Resolutions, and at the same time explained the character of the measure which it was intended to found upon them. It was at once obvious that there was not the slightest connection between the two things; for while the Resolutions pointed to a large and liberal extension of the suffrage with corresponding checks and counterpoises, the main provisions of the Bill were the establishment of a £6 rating franchise in boroughs, one of £20 in counties, a number of fancy franchises, and the dual vote. The preliminary sketch of this measure was received with so much coolness on both sides of the House, and with so much indignation by the country, that the Bill itself never made its appearance. Instead of that, we had on the 4th of March an announcement from Mr. Disraeli that the Government had "recurred to their original policy," and that in consequence of their doing so Lord Cranborne, General Peel, and the Earl of Carnarvon had seceded from their ranks. From the explanations of the ex-Ministers and the disclosures which Sir John Pakington made to his constituents at Droitwich, the public gained a complete insight into the deliberations and the vacillations of the Cabinet. It appeared, as had been suspected, that the Bill which Mr. Disraeli unfolded to the House was not the measure that the Government had in their minds when they introduced the Resolutions, but that it was one hastily concocted in "ten minutes," in order to meet the views and, if possible, to avert the retirement of the three ex-Ministers. In the discussion which took place on the 4th of March, Mr. Disraeli, who had now made sure of his followers, and had ascertained that they would be faithful to their party leaders rather than to their avowed principles, took a far bolder and franker tone than he had yet ventured to employ. He announced that for his own part he was not at all satisfied with so restricted a measure as a £6 borough franchise; and he prepared the House to anticipate that the measure which he promised to introduce on the 18th would be of a far larger and more comprehensive character than any that had hitherto been laid before them. Accordingly, on that day, he produced a

Bill which is nominally the same as that which has just become law. How different the two are in reality will be readily seen by a bare enumeration of the main provisions of the measure as it stood when it first saw the light in the middle of March. The suffrage in boroughs was indeed conferred upon the ratepaying householder, but under conditions of the most restrictive character. He was admitted within the pale of the constitution, but only on conditions which stamped him with inferiority. While one year's residence was sufficient to qualify the existing £10 householder, the new elector was to be called upon to live in the same house for two years, and, what was still more important, he was to be bound to personal payment of his rates, although in a large proportion of the English boroughs, where the practice of compounding prevailed, this condition almost necessarily involved the disfranchisement of the great mass of householders of the working class. The vertical extension of the suffrage thus conceded was balanced by its lateral extension to the holders of deposits in savings' banks, to the payers of a certain amount of direct taxes, and to the possessors of certain educational qualifications; while a further and a yet more objectionable counterpoise to the democratic tendencies of the measure was provided by the dual vote, to be enjoyed by every person who was qualified in a borough both as the occupant of a house and as a direct taxpayer. The Bill did not include a lodger franchise, although that was the only mode in which any considerable extension of the suffrage in the metropolis could take place. The reduction of the county occupation franchise extended no lower than to persons rated at £15 per annum. The redistribution part of the Bill was of the most limited and inadequate dimensions. No borough was to be totally disfranchised merely on account of its small size, nor was any having a population above 7,000 to lose more than one member. By the partial disfranchisement of boroughs having less than that number of inhabitants, twenty-three seats were gained, to which were added seven more obtained by the total disfranchisement of Great Yarmouth, Totnes, Lancaster, and Reigate, on account of the corrupt practices which had been found to prevail in them. Of the thirty seats thus placed at the disposal of the Government twelve were to be given to as many rising towns, fourteen to seven large counties, one to the London University, and two to a new borough to be formed by the division of the Tower Hamlets. It was at once clear that a Bill which, so far as regarded the franchise, took away with one hand that which it gave with the other, and which, as regarded disfranchisement, fell so far short of the requirements of the times, could not and ought not to satisfy the country. Mr. Gladstone, who had hitherto abstained from anything like active opposition to the Government, saw that the time had now arrived when it became his duty no longer to permit them to trifle with the great subject with which they were dealing. He pointed out the true character of the measure, and the obvious purpose which it was intended to serve, in a speech of great power and eloquence; and had he received the support of his followers, he would have followed this up by decisive action on the second reading of the Bill. He was, however, prevented from doing so, partly by the general disinclination of the Liberal party to do anything which might prevent the settlement of the question during the present session, and partly by the belief of an advanced section of the body—a belief amply justified by the event—that the Government would give up the restrictive provisions of their Bill rather than surrender their places, and that by a judicious process of lopping off, weeding out, and grafting in, the measure, might be made one for conferring household suffrage pure and simple with the addition of a lodger franchise. It was by the action of the latter section, who held a meeting in the "Tea Room" of the House of Commons (from which circumstance they were subsequently known as the "Tea-room party") that the resolution in favour of a £5 rating franchise, adopted by the general body of the Liberal members in a conference at Mr. Gladstone's house was prevented from being moved on going into Committee. Although he was not allowed to take the course which appeared to him best calculated to effect a real and liberal, but moderate extension of the franchise, Mr. Gladstone did not desist from his efforts to expose the real character of the Government measure, and to amend its defects. And if he failed in more than one motion which he made in Committee, his exertions were indirectly crowned with complete success.

We need not enter now into any detailed notice of the interminable and tedious debates to which the compound householder gave rise. It is sufficient to have suffered under that terrible personage for nearly three months without inflicting upon ourselves further torture by recalling him from the grave where

he happily slumbers. It is sufficient to say that after various attempts had been made without success to remove or diminish the restrictive effects of the ratepaying clauses of the Bill, the difficulty was at once and completely solved by Mr. Disraeli's prompt acceptance of an amendment moved by Mr. Hodgkinson, whereby the practice of compounding was totally abolished in Parliamentary boroughs. According to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government were anxious to introduce such a provision into their Bill in the first instance, but they were afraid that they should be unable to carry it through Parliament. We may doubt the existence of any such anxiety, but it is tolerably certain that a Bill for the establishment of household suffrage pure and simple would have had no chance of being accepted had it been brought in at the beginning of the session. The Conservatives would have indignantly scouted it, and a great body of the Liberals would also have opposed it. But by the time that Mr. Hodgkinson's amendment was proposed, household suffrage had been divested of its terrors by the protracted discussions in which it was kept before the House. Whether it was a good thing or a bad thing, every one felt that, after the course adopted by the Government, it was the only possible resting-place. Moreover, every one was sick of the compound householder, and the great bulk of the House was ready to agree to almost anything which would rid them of so intolerable a nuisance. Under these circumstances, the principal security in the Government Bill against a too democratic suffrage was abandoned with a facility which suggests a doubt whether, on the part of Mr. Disraeli, it was ever intended to do more than assist him in securing the allegiance of his party, until they were so far committed to Reform that it was more difficult to retreat than to advance. The qualifying residence of the new voters was reduced from two years to one; the dual vote and the fancy franchises were surrendered by the Government without a struggle; a £10 lodger franchise was introduced into the Bill; and the county occupation franchise was lowered from £15 to £12. In a word, so far as the franchise was concerned, the character of the measure was completely changed; and in its present form it leaves little to be desired as a thoroughly liberal and perfectly honest scheme of enfranchisement. That this is the case is, in spite perhaps, of some occasional failures of tact or of temper, undoubtedly due to the firm front and the steady pressure always presented by the Liberal leaders. Although they may have failed to extort the concessions which they demanded, Mr. Disraeli was only able to defeat them by making still larger and more valuable concessions in some other direction. The discussion which took place on the Redistribution scheme was wholly inadequate to the importance of the subject. But the truth is that by the time this part of the Bill came on for consideration the House was exhausted by its previous labours; while there was a general and indeed a well-founded impression that it was impossible within the limits of the present session to deal completely with so large and difficult a question. Even under these disadvantageous circumstances Mr. Laing succeeded in materially enlarging the Government plan, and in rendering it more acceptable to the Liberal party. It is, however, clear that this portion of the measure does not contain the elements of permanence, and this opinion was freely expressed by speakers on both sides of the House in the course of the debate on the third reading.

That debate was principally remarkable for a speech of great power, and also of extreme bitterness, in which Lord Cranborne contrasted the measure as it now stood with the Bill as it was introduced; exposed the inconsistency of a party which after cheering Mr. Lowe to the echo when he denounced the bill of Mr. Gladstone as a democratic measure, had assented to the introduction of household suffrage; and sketched in vivid colours the portrait—in which it was impossible not to recognise the resemblance—of a political adventurer who was ready to sacrifice his principles and belie his professions for the semblance of power and the reality of place. Although Mr. Disraeli made a singularly, ingenious and brilliant reply, Lord Cranborne's stinging sarcasms were too full of truth for their effect to be effaced by a series of plausible sophisms. The right hon. gentleman was more successful in answering Mr. Lowe, whose own inconsistencies place him at a great disadvantage when he ventures to attack those of others. In concluding this necessarily brief notice of the progress of the Reform Bill through the House of Commons, we ought to say a few words with respect to the debates to which it has given rise. They were not upon the whole equal in point of interest, of ability, or excitement, to those of last year. From the fragmentary way in which the subject was presented to the House, they turned as a rule too much upon details, and too little upon principles. Still Mr. Gladstone found an oppor-

tunity to make more than one impressive address. Mr. Bright fully sustained his reputation as the greatest orator in the House; Sir R. Palmer showed that he was not less skilful in political than in forensic debate; and at least two of Mr. Disraeli's speeches were worthy to rank in point of effectiveness with the best specimens of the debating art. The right hon. gentleman, indeed, did more this session than merely dazzle his audience. We regret the circumstance, for it is not one which reflects any credit upon the political morality or earnestness of the House; but still the fact is undeniable that by the adroitness and the success with which he manœuvred the Ministerial barque, he gained the confidence of the present representatives of the people for his ability if not for his honesty, and that he has become what he never was before—a power in Parliament. There is nothing after all that succeeds like success.

We need not dwell at any length upon the progress of the Bill through the House of Lords. Lord Derby, with characteristic candour, avowed that he did not like his own Bill, that he did not know what would be its effects, that he hoped it would not turn out very injurious, but that, however that might be, it must be passed, in order to save him from the ignominy of being a perpetual stopgap for the Whigs. The Whig Peers, on the other hand, with equally characteristic timidity and want of political foresight, did not conceal their apprehensions with respect to a liberal extension of the franchise; and by thus showing a deficient sympathy with the great body of the Liberal party they assisted, to a certain extent, in their own "dishing." The Earl of Carnarvon distinguished himself by a telling and incisive exposure of the manifold inconsistencies and the palpable political tergiversations of the party in power; while the temporary absence of the Premier afforded his colleagues an opportunity of showing how entirely dependent they were upon his aid and guidance. The energetic exercise of his influence prevented their lordships from undertaking to extend the redistribution scheme; but the independence of the Peers was amply vindicated by the adoption of three or four amendments, of which, however, only one obtained the assent of the House of Commons, and became law. On that amendment, which provides for the representation of minorities in a few three-cornered constituencies, we have so recently commented that it is unnecessary for us to do more than repeat the expression of our regret that so mischievous a proposition should have found favour with Parliament. In all probability, that regret will be experienced in a far more intense form by those who are now so much enamoured of it, as soon as it begins to produce its inevitable effect in shaking our present representative system to its foundation. In spite, however, of this defect, there can be no doubt that the Reform Act of 1867 is a great and liberal measure. It will knit together all classes in harmonious co-operation for the good of our common country; it will open a way for legislation of a more vigorous and searching character than was possible in a Parliament which only represented a portion of the nation; and it will relieve our policy from those reproaches on the score of vacillation and weakness which have of recent years been so justly directed against it.

The Reform Bill necessarily engrossed the attention of Parliament, to the exclusion of many other subjects upon which legislation was desirable. But there was one subject which ought not to have been neglected, even in a laborious session like that which has just closed. Something ought to have been done to satisfy the just claims of Ireland, or, at any rate, to afford to the people of the sister country an earnest of our good intentions. The reform of the representation of the people of England ought not to have rendered us oblivious of the fact that one of the kingdoms of which the British Empire is composed is in a state of chronic discontent and simmering rebellion; that in order to maintain tranquillity on the other side of St. George's Channel we are obliged to maintain the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and that the exodus of the population still continues on a scale sufficiently extensive to cause serious alarm and disquietude to all who form a just estimate of the true source of national strength. A portion of the time which was wasted in trivial discussions or expended on matters of secondary importance might have been usefully employed in maturing one or more measures to which we could have pointed as a proof that we are not indifferent to the welfare of the people of Ireland. We regret, however, to say that nothing has been done. Parliament has shown no earnestness in this vital matter; and it is, perhaps, hardly to be expected that they should do so while the Government showed itself indifferent or averse to the subject. That her Majesty's Ministers have greatly failed in their duty in this respect is evident to any one who considers the course

they have pursued. The only Bills relating to Ireland which they have prosecuted with any energy are those which added to their own patronage by enabling them to appoint a new vice-chancellor and a new judge of the Admiralty court. On the land question they introduced two Bills, neither of which, nor both together, were at all calculated to give the tenants adequate compensation for improvements or increased fixity of tenure; and these Bills were not even pressed upon the attention of Parliament with the earnestness that is often displayed about a turnpike Bill, or some other measure of similar importance. They were kept hanging about on the order-book for week after week, and were then included amongst the first batch of "innocents" led out for slaughter. The important subject of Irish education, both primary and University, has been shelved until a future session. Nothing has been decided as to the amount or kind of assistance which it may be possible or desirable to render in placing the railway system of the country upon a sound basis. And the Government have shown themselves more than unwilling to recognise a fertile source of national discontent in the existence of an alien Church, or to take any steps for the removal of so exacerbating and irritating a grievance. We cannot say that we are much disappointed that this should be the case. Ireland has always been a difficulty to a Tory Government; and it must ever be so until they condescend to study the wants and wishes of the people of Ireland, instead of trying to govern them according to the ideas and in the interest of a dominant class of Protestant landlords. It is from the Liberal party and from the Liberal leaders alone that we can expect a programme of Irish Reform which will deal fearlessly with the grand causes of Irish discontent, and give us loyal and attached fellow-subjects, instead of sullen and unwilling yoke-fellows. We cannot help regretting that some of the Irish constituencies have shown themselves insensible to this fact, by returning to Parliament members who, under a profession of Liberalism, have done all in their power to maintain in office a party whose traditions and whose principles are alike inconsistent with full and complete justice to their country.

Financial matters gave rise to no controversy, for Mr. Disraeli's Budget was of so limited and unobtrusive a character as to leave little or no room for difference of opinion. Foreign affairs have also occupied an unusually small share of the time of Parliament during the late session. Lord Stanley's conduct and policy have obtained general approval; and most of the speakers who took part in the few discussions which have occurred have done little more than praise the firmness and discretion of his conduct in the management of the Luxembourg negotiations, of the Spanish difficulty, and of the Eastern question so far as it has been raised by the rebellion in Crete. It is much to be regretted that he has been unable to make any progress towards the settlement of the Alabama controversy with the United States; nor is it satisfactory that the failure of more pacific efforts has at least compelled us to take measures to extort by force from the savage King of Abyssinia the British captives whom he has so long detained. There is, however, no reason to attribute to his lordship any remissness or want of energy in either case. If we return for a moment to our domestic legislation we may congratulate ourselves on the passage of several useful measures, amongst which the foremost places are due to the Metropolis Poor-law Amendment Act and to the Acts for regulating the labour of women and children in factories and workshops. Another year has passed away without any reform of our wretchedly inefficient and enormously expensive bankruptcy system; but, on the other hand, the Government are entitled to credit for bringing to a satisfactory conclusion the negotiations for forming the British North-American Colonies into one strong and compact confederation. Upon the whole—and subject to the exception upon which we have already commented—the year's legislative work may be regarded with something more than complacency. Its shortcomings, whatever they are, may be all the more readily overlooked, because the greatest work of the session has been to place us in possession of far more efficient means than are now at our command, both for removing abuses and for securing the adoption of such measures as are imperatively required for improving the moral and material condition of the people.

SPANISH PERPLEXITIES.

EVEN Marshal Narvaez seems to have at last found out that there is some hazard in sitting obstinately on the safety-valve with the boiler at full pressure. Spaniards are notably long-suffering and hard to move. An old Spanish proverb which

Bacon quotes somewhere, "Mi venga la muerte de Spagna," "Let my death come from Spain," is as true in the nineteenth century as it was in the sixteenth. However, it is always dangerous to drive a nation to despair—especially dangerous to deal tyrannically with a people so obstinate in their hatreds, so passionate in their resentments, as the Spaniards. Of course it would be absurd to conclude, from the vague rumours of the last week, that anything in the shape of a serious popular insurrection threatens the throne of Queen Isabella or the power of her Minister; but it cannot be a matter of doubt that the condition of Spain is at this moment most perilous. Ever since Narvaez succeeded in undermining the authority of O'Donnell, the political situation has become gradually more complicated and perplexing. The former statesman, who up to the present year has called himself *Moderado*, or Liberal-Conservative in his politics, who joined with O'Donnell twenty-five years ago in excluding Espartero, the great Progressista leader, from the Regency, has at last cast aside all disguise, and has thrown himself completely into the arms of the reactionary and Ultramontane party. He has allied himself with the Archbishop of Burgos, Father Claret, the Queen's confessor, and the Nun Patrocinio, to extinguish every vestige of religious and civil freedom. Isabella, by turns voluptuary and bigot, and sometimes both together, has always had the true Bourbon hatred of the people. She has joined Narvaez, Sartorius, and Gonzalez Bravo heart and hand; she abets them as far as she has sense to perceive what they mean in their attempt to thrust back Spain into the Middle Ages. The press has been gagged; the noblest Spaniards have been executed, flung into filthy prison cells, or shipped away to the Philippines. No man, native or foreigner, dares speak his thoughts, scarcely dares think his thoughts, in Madrid, or Seville, or Cadiz. Even the barest forms of constitutional government have been spurned, the Cortes expelled, and a government like that of Charles Stuart or Louis XV.—a government by royal proclamation and ministerial decree—has been inaugurated. It has been uncertain for months to what wilder excesses of despotism the bigots of the closet and the confessional may drive the Queen. The property of the Church, the Churchmen have proclaimed, must be won back; the powers of the Church restored. Perhaps Father Claret has had a glimpse in the distance of a new holy office. If so, his dreams are likely to be rudely shaken.

In the early spring of 1866, Prim's pronunciamento took place, and this last effort of the Progressista party probably hastened O'Donnell's fall. Narvaez seized upon the supreme authority apparently without difficulty. In November last, an abortive rising in Catalonia gave the first shock to his authority; but it was suppressed, and its immediate effect was only to make the yoke of the despotism heavier and more galling. After nearly a year of silent suffering on the one hand, and uncompromising cruelty on the other, it would appear that the people have roused themselves to strike a blow for liberty. It is again in Catalonia that the fires of insurrection have been kindled. Armed bands of peasants and townspeople have attacked the troops of the Government in many country places, and even in Barcelona the agitation has been great. It is said that the Captain-General was compelled to close the clubs in the town, and to expel a body of two hundred Liberals who had fomented disturbances. The insurgent bands are reported to have been commanded by distinguished leaders, but no names have been given, and it has since been denied, on what seems fair authority, that General Prim, who was suspected to have quitted Belgium in order to head the revolt, refused to do so until the insurgents had at least possession of one fortress. It is impossible in the present state of the press at Madrid, to believe any intelligence which comes from that capital. However, the Spanish Government have taken care, to announce, frequently and emphatically enough for the past two days, that the insurrection has been completely crushed,—that the bands of rebels have been dispersed, and have sought refuge in the mountains of Arragon, or over the French frontier—that, in fact, tranquillity has been restored. If these tales be true, we know what they mean. Heaven help the Catalonians! Marshal Narvaez and his subordinates are men to be true to Galgacus's description of the conquering Romans—"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

But it is quite probable that they may be altogether the reverse of true. When O'Donnell marched out to Vicalvaro in 1854, the Government spoke with the same negligent contempt of his enterprise; yet that was the opening of a rapid and thorough revolution, which, if Spanish statesmen had been wise and unselfish, and if the Spanish nation had been energetic and resolute, might have changed the destinies of the country. It was then warmly debated whether the dynasty should be

maintained; unfortunately the jealousies of the political leaders and the apathy of the people prevented any vigorous action. Queen Isabella remained, and with her remained the germs of thirteen years more of misery and barren conflict for Spain. Again the forces of the country meet in deadly opposition; the drama of 1854 must be repeated by the same actors on the same scene. It is to be hoped that O'Donnell and Prim and the other leaders of the Liberals have learned a wholesome lesson, that they are ready now to postpone individual advancement for the public interest, that they look to something higher than temporary success in intrigue. If they have not been taught this by the events of the past decade, they must be both dull and wicked. There is little hope for Spain unless in such a crisis as manifestly approaches she is led by men of integrity and courage; for unhappily the people, with many high qualities, need guidance in political affairs more than any other European nation. The only strong political feeling which has been noticeable in the Spanish character in modern times, apart from merely local patriotism, has been loyal devotion to the reigning family; and what small remnant of this loyalty Charles and Ferdinand had left, Isabella has recklessly cast aside. By tortuous intrigues, open and flagrant immorality, bigoted intolerance, and cruel tyranny, she has forfeited not only the allegiance due to the Queen, but the respect that is paid to the woman. The decency of the punctilious Spaniard has been offended beyond mitigation, his pride has been deeply wounded, his independence of spirit provoked beyond endurance. Outside the priesthood, and that section of the army with which Narvaez is powerful, no hand would be raised to avert ruin from the last Bourbon throne.

But the great difficulty, the difficulty that was felt in 1843, that was felt after Vicalvaro, is one of which we have yet to look for the solution. If we remove the Bourbon dynasty, how are we to replace it? Spain is scarcely fit for Republicanism, and it certainly does not wish for it. The Liberals of the towns may feel a speculative hankering after the principles of 1789, but they are in a hopeless minority. To the ordinary Spaniard the Republican ideal is unintelligible. It would probably result in something like the French Empire if it were applied in the Peninsula. With many defects, the Constitutional scheme seems to be the only one which would be established with any chance of success in Spain. But under what sovereign? More than one Bourbon has been suggested—the Duc de Montpensier most conspicuously. It is pretty certain, however, that the country is tired of the Bourbons, and, if it once gets rid of them, will have done with them for good and all. It may also be suspected that Napoleon III. would look unfavourably upon the advancement of his rivals to Royalty. Under these perplexing circumstances, the Braganzas of course suggest themselves as possible claimants of the united throne of the Iberian kingdom. But there are many jealousies and little friendly intercourse between Spain and Portugal. The King of the latter country is now in Madrid, and will be able to judge for himself what chance his pretensions would have of being favourably received by the Spaniards. If a successful revolution placed the Crown at the disposal of a few popular generals, and if these were to agree in offering it to the Braganza, it is not likely that he would decline the offer, or that the Spanish nation would refuse to acquiesce in the decision.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

If the Queen's Speech has been widely read it is not for what it contains. The only paragraph to which an immediate interest attaches is that which concerns "the reigning monarch of Abyssinia," to whom her Majesty has at last addressed "a peremptory demand" for the immediate release of the captives. To enforce this demand, if it should be refused, measures are now in preparation. All the rest of the speech is retrospective, if we except the statement that, "my relations with foreign countries continue on a friendly footing," and unless there is significance in the words in which the Queen is made to "trust" that no ground at present exists for apprehending any disturbance of the general peace. It must be owned they are not reassuring words, and that they grate somewhat harshly on ears which have not forgotten Lord Stanley's declaration, that "he knew" that a better feeling was springing up between France and Prussia. Still it is something, in this overpowering weather, to feel that we have her Majesty's word for it, that there is no need of apprehension at present. Our minds have been pretty much upon the strain throughout the session, in watching the progress of the Reform Bill from its embryo state in the speech with which the Queen opened Parliament, to its maturity, to be a match at this moment for wars, or rumours of wars. And

it may be that, though the two Emperors who have not been the best of friends hitherto, seem to have come to a cordial understanding of some kind at Salzburg,—this fact should occasion no anxiety for the future. We hear through Mr. Reuter, that when his Majesty, Francis Joseph, presented Prince Metternich with the order of the Golden Fleece, he eulogized him in the presence of the whole Court for the services he had rendered the State by re-establishing a good understanding with France; and his Majesty Louis Napoleon, following suit, expressed aloud to his Imperial brother his thanks for that declaration. "This incident," we are further informed, "created a great sensation amongst those present," as well it might. The task of re-establishing friendly relations between the two Courts could not have been an easy one, and the fact that it has been accomplished, however gratifying to the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria, may not be the best guarantee we could wish for the permanence of European peace. Even though, as it is reported, the King of Prussia should presently be favoured with an interview by each Emperor, that may be only a step in the wrong direction. He would probably rather have seen them before they had arrived at their wonderful unanimity, and the understanding which has been perfectly satisfactory to them may prove just the reverse to his Majesty. But though the allusion of the Queen's Speech to the peace of Europe seems like the possible germ of great events which may come upon us by-and-by, we have no need to trouble ourselves with it now. The reconciled Emperors may resist the entrance of the Southern States into the North German Confederation, or they may be found in arms on the same side in a war which shall have the Eastern question for its bone of contention. At present—so her Majesty "trusts"—no ground exists for apprehending any disturbance of the general peace.

Of course, the grand point of the Speech is the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, and the settlement of a question which, when Mr. Disraeli introduced his Resolutions to the House, looked as if it had no chance of being settled this year. Her Majesty trusts that the Reform agitation is now settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and that those of her subjects who have not hitherto possessed the suffrage, but on whom the new Bill confers it, will prove themselves worthy of the confidence Parliament has reposed in them. It is an infinite relief to have arrived at a solution of what appeared an impracticable question, upon the whole so satisfactorily. It would seem, indeed, as if there was much ground for the opinion of those who maintain that only a Conservative Government could have given us the new Reform Bill. Between the sincerity of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone there can be no comparison, and it is equally true, that but for Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, Mr. Disraeli's adroitness would never have succeeded. From the moment that the leadership of the Liberal party devolved upon the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, it became certain that the Reform question must be settled. It was no longer in the hands of half-hearted advocates, who would use it for their ends, and throw it aside when those ends had been attained. Thenceforth the fight was to be no sham fight, but *à l'outrance*. In the belief that he had a party to lead which was as much in earnest as himself, Mr. Gladstone staked the existence of the Ministry on the measure which he laid before Parliament; and it was because he gave his followers credit for a sincerity they did not possess that the Russell-Gladstone Cabinet came to grief. Their resignation may not have been a politic act; but considering to what an extent policy had numbed the consciences of statesmen on this question, how actively it was seeking the overthrow of the Cabinet, and that its activity was at work not only on the Opposition benches but on their own, we think that they acted with a becoming dignity in retiring from office. They showed what had not been seen for many years, that we have statesmen who prefer principle to power; and they made it certain that either their successors must undertake and carry out the uncongenial task of Parliamentary Reform, or must make way for men who would return to office without any fear of a repetition of the cabal which had betrayed them, or at least with the assurance that an appeal to the country would give them an effective following. It is therefore even more to Mr. Gladstone's manly and honest statesmanship that we owe the present Reform Bill than to Mr. Disraeli's adroitness as a tactician. Lord Derby himself has told us that in undertaking to form a Cabinet he was determined that he would not a third time be made "a stopgap," and that such was his inevitable fate unless he settled the Reform question the Premier well knew. Honour, therefore, to whom honour is due. Mr. Gladstone has done much to redeem the character of our Liberal statesmen,

which had so suffered by their tergiversations on this question; and he has established his right to lead the Liberal party by the necessity which he forced upon the Conservatives of passing a large measure of Reform.

Of the rest of the Queen's speech it is unnecessary to do more than say that the session has been productive of some useful measures, amongst which are the Act for the Union of the British North American Provinces, the Bill for extending the provisions of the Factory Acts to various trades, and the Bill to equalize the pressure of the Poor's-rate in the metropolis and regulate with some degree of mercy the treatment of the sick poor. On the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of the session. A great and disturbing question which has long obstructed the progress of other questions of hardly secondary importance has been disposed of. Parliamentary Reform no longer stops the way, and if our statesmen would conquer new realms, it will not be difficult to find them.

IRISH JUDICIAL STUMPING.

In England we are accustomed to regard calmness and freedom from anything like passion as essential qualities in the discharge of judicial duties. Whenever anything does occur to disturb this strict decorum—we noticed a case last week—the public and the Bar take cognisance of it at once. Calmness and impartiality are held, indeed, to be convertible terms. We believe Jeffreys was the very last of our scolding judges; and a passion on the Bench would almost appear as anomalous as profane swearing from a bishop in his robes. We presume that among our lively neighbours on the other side of the Channel a different estimate of the value of judicial sobriety of demeanour must prevail, or we should scarcely have to notice some outbreaks on the Irish Bench which, if they happened in England, would, we think, excite some surprise. We do not know whether the Fenian trials have originated the habit, or whether they have only brought into more conspicuous notice the old custom of the country—but unquestionably during their progress language has been used by judges such as does not exactly suit our English notions of the dignity and calmness of the judicial character.

From the very beginning of the trials there was a tone of exasperation in many of the charges of the Irish judges which was perhaps natural, but which it would have been much better to avoid. In summing up evidence to a jury, when the only inquiry was into the guilt or innocence of the person they were trying, it was scarcely within the province of a judge to denounce all the leaders of American Fenianism as "swindlers" "living in luxury on the money cajoled from the hard earnings of servant-maids." Even if these things were true, a charge to the jury is not the occasion on which they ought to be told. The best of the judges who presided at these trials appears to have been unable to escape the evil influence, and in reading over the reports, we have felt, in the middle of an able and temperate exposition of the law, occasional expressions grate upon our feelings. "The bubble is burst," "the game of brag is played out," "money, money is the only cry." Phrases like these, which might be marked "passion" in an index to the judicial charges in the recent State trials, add nothing to the dignity or the consequence of the judicial function. It may be quite right for all loyal men to believe everything that is bad of all rebels. It may be very useful that to Irish audiences all Fenians should be soundly rated as mercenary swindlers. But there is a time and a place for all things, and we should certainly prefer to have the exhibition of scolding loyalty in any other place than on a criminal trial, and on the judicial bench.

If we are to credit the reports and the comments of the Irish papers, the evil appears to have reached its climax in the assizes which have just closed. The province of Connaught has from time immemorial enjoyed a "rollicking" reputation in the sister country, and it seems to be maintaining its character on the bench. Mr. Justice Keogh and Mr. Justice Morris are doing something to maintain the ancient fame of their native province. At Kerry, in trying some persons engaged in the miserable attempt at insurrection in that county, Judge Keogh took occasion to denounce the head quarters of the gentleman who calls himself by the whimsical title of President Roberts in language which we would rather hear from any other rostrum than from the bench. Rhetorical exaggerations, like "refugium peccatorum" and "universal resort of scoundrels from every part of the earth," are in a criminal trial out of place, and scarcely sound like the grave admonitions of justice. They cannot have any effect in aiding a jury

in coming to a conclusion on the guilt or innocence of the individual before them. They have not the effect upon the bystanders which they are intended to have. Not one man in a thousand is induced by this tirade to believe "President" Roberts a swindler. A very large proportion are led to condemn the judge as a partisan. The latter is really the only possible effect that can be produced by these judicial harangues.

Mr. Justice Morris, however, far eclipses his eloquent brother. It is difficult seriously to believe that the language we are about to quote was actually used by a judge in a British court of justice in passing sentence upon a prisoner in the reign of Queen Victoria. Yet, as it has been reported in the most respectable Irish papers—as it has been asserted by some of the journals, and actually defended and even applauded by others—we must be content to accept as genuine this very choice specimen of judicial moderation and dignity. A man of the name of Sheehy was convicted in Tipperary of having taken part in the outbreak for which "General" Burke was sentenced to death in Dublin. It would appear that, in the course of the proceedings, a life was taken. But Sheehy was not tried for the murder as he might have been—as he ought to have been, if the evidence was sufficient to convict him of it. The judge sentenced him to penal servitude for twenty years, taking care to tell him that he awarded that sentence not for the crime of which he was convicted, but for one of which he had not been tried. "You might," said Mr. Justice Morris to Sheehy, "have been indicted for murder. A barbarous murder was committed, and it was sworn that it was committed by you. I am persuaded it was committed by you."

We have heard somewhere or other that according to English law every man is presumed innocent until he is found guilty. Whether Sheehy really committed the murder or not Justice Morris made up his mind to treat him as if he had. "At all events," he added, "that crime, if not committed by you, although I am firmly persuaded it was, was committed by some one or other of the miscreants under your command." But whether he committed the murder or not, there was another crime of which some one had told the judge he was certainly guilty—that of being a relation of Burke. "You are, I hear, a relative of that Charles Burke, who was to have upset the Government and depose the Queen—a fellow going about the country, armed with a pike and driving a horse and cart, rummaging police barracks, and meanly stealing policemen's clothing, and their meat and bread, and knives and forks."

Burke, it will be remembered, was the convict whose life was spared at the very last moment, in deference to an almost universal expression of public opinion. His speech in the dock produced an impression of his different character from the description of the learned judge. He is now enduring the mitigated punishment. It was not a fit subject for jest—even such grim jests as judges have pronounced with the black cap in their hand. Indeed, we fail to appreciate the humour of the slang description of an attack upon a police barrack which is, no doubt, intended in the statement about "meanly stealing the knives and forks of the police." It justified, no doubt, a far severer sentence—when the judge "heard" that the prisoner was cousin to so disreputable a thief. The meanness of taking the knives and forks out of a police barrack amounts to what old lawyers called a corruption of blood. In the bright annals of Irish wit, Canning's "needy knife-grinders" will pale beside the "needy knife-stealer" of Mr. Justice Morris.

The next sentences supply certainly a fine specimen of scolding, but one not just in the style of a solemn judicial lecture. "I am disposed to think that if there were not a soldier or policeman in the kingdom, the well disposed, who have something to lose, would rise against you and put down an army of such scoundrels as you and your confederates—fellows coming from the plough, the potato-field, and the dung-cart, dressing themselves up like mummers, and styling themselves colonels and captains, and marching through the country filling the peaceable people with terror." "Scoundrels like" "fellows coming from the dung-cart," "dressing themselves up like mummers." Is this really the language which, in a treason trial, was this year addressed by a judge to the prisoner in the dock? Some extraordinary confusion between hot and cold water appears to have existed in the mind of the judge. He illustrates the power of the Fenians to keep the Government "in hot water" by a reference to some insignificant little animal in Holland which would submerge a whole province with cold. "It is true, fellows like you can keep the Government of the country in hot water. There is an insignificant animal in Holland which, if unrestrained, could flood a province; but you,

and miscreants like you, will find that while the Government of this country can afford to despise you, it can also punish you."

We are not quite sure whether this means that the prisoner was visited in his sentence with the sins of the insignificant animals in Holland as well as the offences of his cousin, Charles Burke. There is something exquisite in the comparison between "you and miscreants like you," and the nameless animal that can flood a province "if unrestrained." Whether this is intended as a statement of the feebleness of the Fenians, or their strength, or only an odd illustration of the power of "miscreants like you" to keep the Government in hot water, we leave to persons better versed in riddles than we are to decide. A still graver offence against all judicial propriety is involved in a threat about the utterance of which we hope there is some mistake. Some persons, it appeared, when produced as witnesses for the prosecution, had either refused to give evidence, or prevaricated so as to make their testimony useless for the purposes of a conviction. This was a contempt of the court, for which the judge had power to punish them, and for which it would have been quite right to have visited with severe punishment any person who so misconducted himself. But Judge Morris's singular notion of vicarious punishment pursues him even in this. Instead of fining or imprisoning the offending witness, the judge, with a somewhat peculiar notion of equity, announces that he will lay on a punishment for this offence as an addition to the sentences of those who are found guilty. Marvellous, almost incredible, as it seems, this just and righteous principle of measuring punishment was actually announced from the bench: "I have seen a system pursued at this assizes by witnesses who defied the court and defeated the ends of justice, but I will take care to consider that conduct when I come to measure punishment to the guilty parties."

It would be a curious operation in judicial arithmetic to apportion the twenty years of penal servitude to which Sheehy was sentenced, according to the various offences for which it was imposed. We may assume that some small portion of it was inflicted for the offence of which he was found guilty, although, strange to say, this is omitted entirely in the catalogue of crimes which the judge was punishing. A large portion, we assume, must be set down to the murder for which the man was not tried, but of which the judge was persuaded he was guilty. If we are to judge by the fury of the words a still larger number of years were allotted to the crime of kindred to that fellow Burke, the mean robber of policemen's knives and forks. When we add to this some years for the malicious propensities of the nameless animal in Holland, and a term for the crime of the witnesses who "defied the court and defeated the ends of justice," very little would appear to remain applicable to the offences proper of the "scoundrel" and "miscreant" himself.

Tirades like these do not tend to impress the people with confidence in the Irish judges. It would, we think, be very hard to persuade any person accused of Fenianism that he would have a fair trial before Judge Morris or Judge Keogh, especially if the unfortunate prisoner happened to be a kinsman of "that fellow Burke." Indeed, prisoners tried before Mr. Justice Morris should be prepared with a prologue and proof that they have no relative a rebel. We trust that with this most recent and worst of them we may have seen the end of these unseemly displays. The exuberance of judicial loyalty may be at boiling heat, but it ought not to boil over in court. In denouncing the importations of treason from America, let judges not forget that the very worst Americanizing of our institutions would be that which would introduce a "stump oratory" on the Bench.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

We observe that, on August 21st, a deputation from the East Indian Association waited on Sir Stafford Northcote, to present a memorial praying that further facilities might be given for the entry to the Indian Civil Service of natives of India. The deputation was introduced by Col. Sykes, M.P., but it appears from what followed, and also from the proceedings of the East Indian Association, published in the Indian papers a few days ago, that a Parsee gentleman, Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee, is the prime mover in the matter. The method he suggested, and which is embodied in the memorial is a simple one; he proposed that a certain number of civil appointments should be assigned for competition in India, the successful candidates to come to pass their final examination in England, where they would reside for two years. But a far more comprehensive proposal, of which Sir Herbert Edwardes is the author, is also embodied in the memorial. The Government of India is asked

to bestow scholarships to enable young natives of "promise and ability to come to England for the completion of their education." Of these, some it is believed "would compete successfully in England for the Indian Civil Service, while others would return in various professions to India, where, by degrees, they would form an enlightened and unprejudiced class, exercising a great and beneficial influence on native society, and constituting a link between the masses of the people and their English rulers."

The question which has been raised is no new one. As Lord Lyveden remarked, the principle of admitting natives to a share in the administration of the government, has for years been acknowledged as just, and to some extent acted on. But not until lately has there been any strong feeling in favour of encouraging them to venture within the gate of the Civil Service. That has been regarded as sacred ground upon which the subject race ought not to trespass, and we suspect that even now the approaching change will elicit a cry of lamentation and despair from many of the older Indian civilians. But however much these worthy gentlemen may bemoan the departing glory of their service, there is no doubt that public opinion will now insist upon the change. A few years ago Mr. Pratt wrote a pamphlet, in which he advocated some such scheme as that urged by Sir H. Edwardes. It was thought unreasonable and dangerous, but within a week, in a miscellaneous assembly of forty or fifty Englishmen interested in India, no one was found to dissent from the view he had propounded. So also when Mr. Dadabhai Naorojee and other liberal Parsees in Bombay petitioned the Government in 1865 to supplement their munificent donations to found scholarships for precisely the same purpose as that for which they are now solicited, the proposal met with a warm supporter in Sir Bartle Frere, but was negatived in an ungracious manner by Sir C. Wood. The reception given by Sir S. Northcote to the association's memorial, contrasts pleasingly with the opposition shown by the former secretary to a petition of the same nature, but of a much humbler character. Though, however, Sir C. Wood's procedure in this instance is to be regretted, we do not forget that to him is due the establishment of national education in India; and the change now observable in the tone of the Government, as well as that in public feeling, is no doubt due more to the natural progress of opinion, than to any essential difference in the character of the individuals. Sir S. Northcote expressed his approval of both the plans submitted; he has been considering and discussing the subject, and he implied that he was only waiting for the opinions of the Indian governors to act definitely. Although he apparently approves of both the plans proposed, we do not suppose that he considers them equally good; indeed, he himself gave some weighty reasons in favour of the grant of scholarships. But unfortunately it is only the establishment in India of examinations for appointments which he has the power to bring about. The other scheme, as involving expenditure, requires the sanction of his council, and it is not certain that the council will be favourable to it. However, the advantages of the grant of scholarships over the assignment of appointments is so great, that we cannot think the members of the council will obstinately refuse their consent, and thereby force the secretary to choose the plan he can carry into effect without their consent, which plan is manifestly the worst of the two. We suggest that they make their sanction of the scholarships conditional on the negation of the other plan, instead of permitting the adoption of both. £5,000 a year, judiciously expended in scholarships, would, in five years' time, cause half a dozen natives annually to enter the Civil Service, every one of whom would have been in contact with English ideas, and have mixed with English society, at the most impressionable period of their lives; and there cannot be a doubt but that such men would form more efficient public servants than they would if their English training had commenced when, as Orientals, they were grown men.

If the scene of competition were to be changed, and nothing additional done, we should look upon it as a positive evil. The objections to such a course occur to one immediately; but they may be culled from the discussions on the subject. Thus the young native civilians, for the most part, would have had no good moral training as boys. Many of them would be unenterprising youths, without the spirit to go to England to rub against, and take their chance with, English lads. They would enter the service in a position inferior in point of prestige to that which they would have attained if they had fairly competed with Europeans. The possibility of obtaining appointments in India would tempt some to stay who would otherwise have gone to England on their own resources, and who, if unsuccessful in obtaining admission to the Civil Service, would swell the important, independent-spirited class of English

trained non-officials; Government employ would more than ever be looked upon as the one respectable profession; and lastly, the employés would be an exclusive class severed from their countrymen, who would regard them with feelings of the strongest envy and dislike. Such a consummation would be a sad result of the progressive tendencies of the day; and if it lasted long, the consequences would be more melancholy to contemplate than difficult to foretell.

Should what we deem the wisest course be followed, and scholarships be granted, it is to be hoped that care will be taken to extend the benefit to the whole of India instead of confining it to the Presidency towns and their neighbourhood. If the examinations took place in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay only, no doubt a more highly educated class of young men would be secured, but this appears to us of an importance secondary to that of obtaining representatives from all the provinces. Those from the Punjab and North-West might cut a poor figure in the class-room beside the brilliant Bengalee, but they would probably return from their sojourn in the West equally able to influence for good their fellow countrymen, and the more manly character of the Northern people would tend to raise the standard of physical activity among the students when in England, a point to which too much value cannot be attached; and we trust that those who wish well to India will do all in their power to encourage the young natives whilst here to join in those English games and exercises which contribute not a little to the efficiency of an English education.

THE CHOLERA IN ITALY.

A LETTER which appeared this week in the *Times*, from the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, offers a curious subject for speculation. It appears that the cholera attacked Albano. Of the two medical men in the place one fled. There were a hundred cases of the disease in a single night. The people ran panic-stricken from the plague, and left their house-keys with the Zouave garrison. The dead were unburied, and the soldiers, we are told, "laid aside their carbines and knapsacks, and listening only to their own generous and charitable impulses, transformed themselves into grave-diggers, sextons, messengers — everything." The next paragraph in the letter contains an account of how Cardinal Altieri, Bishop of Albano, came from Rome express on hearing of the condition of his flock; and, having performed the offices of religion amongst the sick and the dying, he fell a victim to the scourge himself.

Now, here we may observe two curious instances of courage. It is noticeable that the Rev. Mr. Anderdon in his version of the occurrence dwells altogether upon the sacrifice made of his life by the Cardinal, and, while acknowledging the "generous and charitable" impulses of the Zouaves, he gives them not a quarter of the credit with which he, so to speak, beatifies the Churchman. And yet, it seems to us, the soldiers, humanly speaking, showed the greatest courage. If the Cardinal was true to the principles of religion which taught him to regard death as a release, and death in the cause of duty a martyrdom—if he believed that, in the performance of his functions, he was earning an immortality, the act he did carried with it more than its own reward. But Zouaves are not religious. A Zouave seldom attends a mass, and prefers to spend Sunday in a cabaret to spending it in church. He is loose-lived, passionate, and reckless, and yet we find him on an occasion equal, in facing death, to the man who is supposed to have drawn the fangs from death, and to have gained a victory over the terrors of the grave. But the Zouave braves the same danger and with similar fortitude, without the consolation and support which the Cardinal derives from constantly idealizing the act he places before himself to accomplish. Bacon tells us that though men fear death as children do the dark, yet that the fear is more a sentiment than a supreme terror, inasmuch as love can overcome it—and friendship, at times—and that people have rushed to it as a refuge from trifling calamities. In Albano we have the fact of one set of persons frightened out of their wits at the coming of the grisly pestilence, and of two others setting it directly at defiance. The Zouaves' case proves Bacon's view to be so far correct. Supposing, as we may fairly suppose, that they had not the slightest theological sense of the value of burying the dead and putting themselves in danger of the cholera, we perceive that without it, and sustained, if they required any mental support, by a certain determination not to yield to fright, like a herd of cattle to a stampede, they easily overcame the horrors and nervousness engendered in the masses by the presence of the cholera. If they had been burying-monks they could not have done their work more completely.

A great many people are under the impression that to face death boldly is strong evidence of a virtuous career and disposition. There is no greater mistake. A medical student, or a doctor, will look at patients in hospitals dying by inches, and watch them undergoing the various processes by which our poor human nature is brought to yield up the ghost, and not feel a spark of dread or of sensibility. This holds good even when it comes to their own turn, for familiarity with death not only breeds a certain contempt for it, but robs it in a measure of some of the religious graces by which Christianity has endeavoured to smooth the way and light the dim path which leads into the silent land. When we have seen the phenomenon of death, and recognise it as a phenomenon, it is from that moment removed in some degree from the place of reverential awe and weird concern which it has hitherto held in our minds. Hence Zouaves, who may have shot Arabs by the score and watched them wriggling on the ground after a bayonet prod, like worms, could indifferently enough see a man or a woman in a state of cholera collapse, and bear off the corpse to the cemetery with as much fortitude as the priest who has been for twenty years ministering at the side of deathbeds. Sailors are not religious, and yet have no fear of death. The mute and the undertaker regard it as a profitable business, without which they could not live, and it has not the least horror for them. When a claim for exceptional virtue and goodness is therefore made on behalf of those who display what is called an heroic fortitude, such as that claimed by the Rev. Mr. Anderdon for Cardinal Altieri, we should bear in mind that the Cardinal only did in fact, in the service to which he attached himself, what a British officer should do to-morrow, if his general ordered him to a post of extreme peril.

"Rome is struck with admiration at the news of so glorious a death." Many a country parson, and ill-paid curate, and humble Catholic priest, and hundreds of noble-hearted women, could be glorified on this score in England, and we cannot comprehend how the head-quarters of virtue can find this case so singular as to be astonished at it. Do Italian cardinals generally run from a plague? We have no hesitation in saying that if there were an hospital full of cholera patients in London to-morrow, the inmates would not lack religious comfort and assistance. We know how noble and beautiful charity is, and how exalted a conception of moral duty must be felt by the volunteer nurses and the professional clergymen who put their lives in peril for the sake of those who are strangers to them, but we must refuse to believe that only *one* motive could bring about this self-sacrifice. If a regiment of soldiers were ordered on some duty which brought them in connection with the wards, we believe they would act with perfect discipline, and follow directions without a murmur. We do not wish to detract in the least from the merit of charity or piety, but a Zouave would unquestionably sooner confront the cholera than be suspected of cowardice even in reference to cholera, and "human respect," as divines term it, would be quite sufficient to keep him up to the mark without referring to religion at all.

If we take it, then, that the Zouaves acted without religion as bravely during the crisis as the Cardinal did with and for religion, it follows that the former, speaking from a lay point of view, ought to receive more applause than the latter. They had no reward in prospective; the Cardinal had. They were not buoyed up by an active hope of heaven and a constant faith in the special watchfulness of the Deity, who, according to the religious idea, weighs out our works, and apportions a value to each. They simply showed a dogged disinclination to yield to death, come in what shape it would, because as soldiers they did not care for it. Of course there is another standing ground from which to regard the circumstance. Will you deprive religion of an argument when you endeavour to detract from the merit of an action assignable directly to the influence of religion? We think not. Even dying at a stake for religion is no proof of its truth. Gods of stick, stone, and mud, have had holocausts of martyrs and votaries. But Christianity alone seems to have recognised a superior and more forcible attestation of religious truth in the discovery, for so it may be termed, of charity, —a virtue which, as we understand it, was unknown to heathens. They were not afraid of death, but they were impatient of sickness, and would not comprehend that mysterious impulse which enables a clergyman to spend night after night reading a Bible at the bedside of a sick old man or woman. While willing to admit this—and we admit it at once, for fear of being misconceived in what we are about to follow it up with—we cannot admit that the clergyman—take the Cardinal Altieri, for example—wins fairly a crown of glorification in this world for the deed. He does his duty, that is all, and you can get a Zouave to run the same risk without entertaining a

vision of an eternal recompense for it. A mother will not shrink from her child, no matter how infectious is the disease with which the little creature is afflicted. In truth, what is best in humanity always shows itself at a season of plague; and while we recognise the pressure of religious force in good actions, we should not close our eyes to the beauty of courage as apart from any extraneous aid whatever. The people who fled in hordes, and left their houses to the care of the soldiers, and their dead unburied, give the instance we select all the value of contrast. It should be said, however, that the first terror in such a pestilence is always the greatest, and that those who do not blench in the beginning gradually command their minds sufficiently to subdue subsequent fears. In England, the people preferred to die in their own houses; and we doubt whether in this country there could ever be a parallel for the flight at Albano. We should hope not, certainly. The Pope, it seems, has announced his intention of remaining at Rome during the pestilence with which the city is threatened. If he dies of the disease, we shall have no end to the sermons and letters about martyrdom and sacrifice; yet the humblest retainer of the Church who falls under the same badge deserves as much credit for his conduct. To find snobbishness in religion is unpleasant, especially when the snobbishness is positively carried beyond the ghastly close of all vanities. The Rev. Mr. Anderdon, who describes "Rome as struck with admiration at the news of so glorious a death," does not serve his adopted faith as much as he thinks by the announcement. Sydney Smith said that railway companies would never be cautious until a bishop was killed in one of their carriages. Does religion in Italy require a bishop to die in order that faith may be reanimated, and could not Rome be "struck with admiration" at the decease of any man under a bishop?

A TORY TRADES' UNION.

CONSERVATIVE politicians, perplexed by fears of change, believed they might alleviate the anxieties of their position, and check the ardour of their adversaries, by the appointment of a commission to drag into the light of day the operations of the trades' unions of the democracy. But while the aim of the inquiry was legitimate enough, it was not in its scope sufficiently ample. The commission should have had its powers enlarged, so that it might inquire into the manners and customs of all similar associations, banded together to preserve or obtain peculiar privileges and advantages, apart from the common weal. From such an inquiry there is one very efficient association, in all respects, except the social standing of some of its members, exceedingly like a trades' union, and with certain features which identify it with the peculiar institutions of Sheffield. The hands of some of its members are occasionally red with blood, but the culprits are never ejected on that account from the pale of the union. Judges have denounced it time after time, and appealed unceasingly to its superiors to let it go asunder, but their words have fallen on unheeding ears. Juries, called together to give a true and honest verdict upon men who scarcely proffered even a flimsy defence against the testimony of disinterested witnesses and the police, have unanimously acquitted them, because both the jury and the accused belonged to the same union.

What are the aims of the association to which we allude, the fidelity of whose members to their principles and to each other were so manifest? Essentially identical in its object with the ordinary trades' unions, and in its means with the Sheffield society, the members of this union are strict Conservatives. And being of higher social standing, in so far as the ruling minds are concerned, their aspirations are naturally cast in a loftier mould. Once, indeed, in the pursuit of their presumed interests, they went so far as to throw an envious eye upon the throne itself, and having previously spread their ramifications into the military force of the realm, they were manoeuvring to seat their own union chief upon the supreme seat, to the detriment of the rights of the young Princess Victoria. The intrigue, however, was discovered in time, and the Parliament found it necessary to issue a commission to inquire into the proceedings of this—the Tory—trades' union, and in consequence of the report of the commissioners, felt urgently bound to decree its dissolution. Perhaps this occurrence may account for and justify that prejudice against the Tory party which the Queen relates in the biography of the Prince Consort.

In this description of a Tory trades' union our readers will, no doubt, recognise at once the association which, in contempt of the decree of Parliament, has since renewed its existence under the name of the Orange Society of Ireland. The slightest

scrutiny will reveal how close and correct in every particular is the parallel which we have drawn. We shall find that there have been cases of "rattening" and cases of "expulsion" here as well as in the Sheffield trades' unions; and here, as well as there, the whole powers of the association are concentrated on the promotion of selfish interests, irrespective of the welfare of the community, and even to its detriment. Both have wrought by organization and intimidation, never shrinking from violence, where violence was deemed expedient, to promote their objects. We can easily imagine a member of one of the most "active" trades' unions of Sheffield rising in the lodge, before the recent Commission disturbed it, to take a proud retrospective glance of the work done and the advantages gained. He would point out that many years ago, when he was a young workman, there was no such organization in that town as the one of which he had the happiness to be a member. There was then perfect free trade, uncontrolled by any regulations, and no hard-line in existence between those who ratten and those who are rattened. The lazy workman had to suffer for his idleness; the industrious artisan had the reward of his industry. They were free to act, speak, or vote just as it seemed best to their individual consciences and private judgments. But this great association had been organized, and had changed all that. They now could manage affairs exactly as they liked. Messrs. Broadhead and Crookes would certify to the efficient spread of their fraternal principles; and woe to the unhappy wight who should venture to think for himself, to act as if he were a freeman, who should be bold enough to shrink from their companionship, and refuse to sacrifice to their treasury. Such an oration would be racy of the place, and what is worth especial note, it would be essentially identical with one just delivered by a prominent member of the Irish Tory trades' union. The scene is in Belfast, of course; for in this matter what other counterpart could Sheffield find than that too-celebrated town? There was a delegate to be received from a branch union—the amiable Orangemen of Canada—who insulted the Prince of Wales when he visited them, by their intrusive and pressing attentions, but who in the "Queen's Own," showed another kind of alacrity when directed to meet the Fenian visitors from Buffalo. Besides the guest, the most prominent men were dignitaries of that Church Establishment which is so popular in Ireland. The Archdeacon of Down spoke, and the Rev. Dr. Drew, lately Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, addressed the multitude of union-brethren in a semi-candid speech. Nothing can be more instructive than to note what he says and what he means.

He takes a retrospective glance at what had been achieved by their efforts. "A view of the state of Belfast," he says, "may serve to show what has been achieved in recent years by the Orange institution. In 1832, the privilege of returning two members to Parliament was granted to the borough of Belfast. I well remember the state of Belfast at that time, for I was returned minister for Sandy-row Church in the same year." Sandy-row, it is hardly needful to remark has since become notorious as the nest of the most rancorous Orangeism, and it would appear the teachings of this meek minister of the Gospel are to some extent responsible for the change. "At that time," continues Dr. Drew, "the Protestants of Belfast were wholly without union or influence." An English reader, on perusing such a phrase, would naturally believe that the Belfast Protestants were, in those days, split up into bitter factions, and that the Catholics, profiting by their disunion, returned the members of Parliament. But this is not all that Dr. Drew means; he only uses words in a non-natural sense. When he says the Protestants were without union, he means that they lived together in a sad state of neighbourly quiet, each man judging of things as it seemed best to his own conscience and private judgment, and acting accordingly. He means that there were no factions among them, and the words "without union" may be taken as signifying without a Tory trades' union, such as the Orange confederacy, by which Tory churchmen and landlords could force the community to give up its free action and private judgment into their hands, and be the unconscious servile tool of their will, pleasure, and purposes. Then they might have imagined that it was for their interests to unite with the English Liberals in order to promote every measure which, by enfranchising the people, would ameliorate their own condition. And these, it would appear, were exactly the sentiments that animated them.

"The influence, the money, and the energy of the 'natural leaders' of the Liberal party, were all-powerful," says Dr. Drew, and in this phrase we see an explanation of his meaning when he stated that the Protestants were "without influence." It must not be imagined that the Catholics returned even one Catholic member, for that would be to misconceive the facts,

and to misunderstand Dr. Drew. But the truth simply is, that some men in Ireland—a large number unfortunately—cannot conceive of a Protestant except as an ultra-Tory. In Dr. Drew's estimation, a Liberal evidently cannot be a Protestant, nor can a Protestant be anything but a vehement Orange Tory. If he is anything else, he is not a Protestant; he is a "so-called," a "self-styled," a "pseudo" Protestant, or a "false brother." The Irish Protestant, pure and simple, must, to merit applause from his minister, be as strongly an Orange Tory as the Prince of Orange was a Whig. It does not please the Orange fogleman that in 1832 the Protestants of Belfast were faithful to the principles of William III., and consequently Liberals. He deplores it as the most melancholy spectacle. "We," he says, "could scarcely get one Conservative member into Parliament, and this only by a shabby majority of seven or eight votes only. Sometimes we were dead beat altogether." But they were never deficient in attempting to corrupt the constituency. "What it cost to get a victory would have bought many townlands, when we include the expenses of petitions to Parliament."

How did Belfast and other places in Ulster manage to fall from their position as Liberal constituencies to the degradation of being merely the nomination boroughs of ultra-Toryism? Dr. Drew lets us into the secret. "At last we raised the Protestant banner," he says, meaning, of course, the standard of Tory bigotry, for Protestantism had previously returned all the members for Ulster, and did not need its banner raised. But this raising of the banner was only for the purpose of organizing the Tory trades' union, of which the Parliament of the realm had decreed the dissolution, and Dr. Drew adds: "We re-organized the Orange lodges. (Cheers). We revived our Protestant associations;" that is, they called back to life the spirit of intolerance and bigotry which had slumbered, and by appealing to the cruel memories of wicked dissensions, then past and well-nigh forgotten, they inaugurated anew an era of chronic ill-will and annual bloodshed. And all this was done to resuscitate and preserve Toryism! It was as successful in its object as the Sheffield unions, and succeeded by the same means. "Soon the result was manifested. We found we had numbers, power, and intelligence when united, and the registry showed how we had such an army—such sergeants, corporals, captains, generals, and privates—as would rout any Radical regiment off the political field for ever!" (Cheers.) To attain this end, to corrupt the constituencies by influencing their dormant religious susceptibilities, to divide the Presbyterian and Protestant Liberals from the Catholic Liberals, and thus to render their separate votes unavailing when opposed by the fierce union of the Tory clique,—every feeling of good neighbourhood was outraged, every link of sympathy broken, and every law which would restrict them spurned.

MR. EMERSON AT HARVARD.

THE enthusiasm with which Ralph Waldo Emerson is greeted in every part of the United States is a phenomenon which cannot escape the attention of those who study the affairs and tendencies of that country. During the last few years we find him at one time called to Washington to address the national representatives on the condition of the country, and afterwards engaged in a consultation with President Lincoln; last year Harvard University bestowed on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; during the past winter he visited the West, and addressed the populations of its most important cities, which turned out in crowds to welcome and listen to him; at St. Louis he held conversations with a Hegelian club, which certain educated Germans have formed there; and more recently he has been unanimously chosen to deliver the chief oration at the Cambridge Commencement, having on the day before been elected by the legislature of Massachusetts an overseer of that institution, the oldest and most important in the country. Thus, in his sixty-fourth year, and after a literary career of more than forty years, in which he has advocated the most sweeping heresies of the age, and been regarded by the mass of his shrewd and practical countrymen as an incomprehensible visionary, the seer opens the "garden-gate," once sternly slammed in the face of the world, and steps into the arena; the prophet's mantle is thrown aside for the captain's armour. As Göthe said to the youth who proposed to emigrate, "Your America is here or nowhere," so Mr. Emerson seems to have found his transcendental Utopia burgeoning forth all around him. In the address which he delivered at Cambridge he celebrates America in such language as he formerly devoted to an ideal state of society. "We meet to-day," he begins, "under happy

omens to our ancient society, to the honour of letters, to the country and mankind. In good citizens, who share the wonderful prosperity of the Federal Union, the heart beats still with the public pulse of joy that the country has withstood the stern trial which threatened its existence, and feels that the best augmentation of strength has been drawn from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is ever a crowning honour and pledge of strength to the ship; and no less to the ship of state. We may well be content with our fair inheritance. Was there ever such a coincidence of advantages as there is in America to-day!

This is not the language of a mere philosophical optimist, it is the warm tribute of a man who has a perfect faith in the people around him, and in their purpose. Nor is there anything in his tone to indicate that he is judging his country by any standard lower than that by which he once condemned the "proud world" and bade it "good bye,"—when he had found "the spot that is sacred to thought and God." But let us take the reasons for his faith from his own lips:—

"Consider what is the share of the statesman and scholar in the issues of the present age; what heroes, what genius, what science of administration, what masters in their several professions—the rail-roads, the mines, the inland and the marine telegraph, the inland and foreign trade, all on a grand national scale—have produced. The great fact to be noticed is the appearance of superior men and the rapid addition to our society of a class of masters by which the self-respect of each town and city is enriched. See the boundless freedom of the country. People have been in all countries burned and stoned for saying things which are now the current conversation at all our breakfast-tables. . . . Now, if any one say we have had enough of this boastful recital, then I say, happy is the land where benefits like these have grown trite and commonplace."

The buoyancy and hopefulness pervading these sentences are to be found to a great extent in all contemporaneous American writing. This is especially true of what has been said and sung since the war. Whilst nearly every home in that land is draped, no heart seems to be in mourning; on the contrary, there would seem to be over there an era of universal joy. It is natural that when a gigantic evil of the kind that is particularly odious to a proud and sensitive people, because of the world-wide infamy as well as the inherent meanness of it, has been unexpectedly lifted from their country, they should almost feel as if all evil has disappeared from the world. The engrossing nature of an acute evil is a familiar experience. The smoking chimney gradually veils all other discomforts, from the smarting eyes of the housewife, and to him that hath the toothache, other griefs seem mole-hills beside his mountain. "Have his daughters brought him to this pass?" exclaims Lear, unable to conceive but one grief. By the cruel wrongs of the negro, who sometimes rushed with his rags and his scars through the streets of peaceful Northern villages, by the corruption of some of their greatest men to a servility to it, by the bar it raised against all peaceful studies and pursuits, slavery had become to the more educated American literally what Wesley called it rhetorically—"the sum of all villanies." The patriot now sees in the destruction of that system the fading out of the one blot that tarnished a beautiful flag. The scholar sees in it liberty to turn his attention to the studies he loves. The storm and danger past, all those who, though not sailors, have been compelled to stand day and night at the pumps, may now return to their accustomed tasks. The jubilant tone of the American people, and particularly of the men of letters among them, is doubtless to a great extent due to the departure of the particular demon which has so long harried them; but this is far from being, we think, the whole cause operating in this matter. This triumphal tone was heard in the barbaric chants of Walt Whitman as well as in the lucid lectures of Emerson, long before the near doom of slavery was recognised. The fact is, the American people have a profound optimism at the bottom of their national character. It is found in their religion, universal salvation being, in one phase or another of it, the creed of all their Churches. It is observable in their disposition to abolish capital punishment, to utilize prisoners instead of punishing them, and to try all manner of political experiments without apprehension that their nation or society can be seriously harmed by any failure. This spirit of irrepressible hope and confidence has been called for by America and it has come; it is the temper that grows under emergencies; nothing less could have cleared the forests of the West, linked the Atlantic and Pacific together with a national highway, and sown her great territories with civilized cities. There has been no place in that country for lachrymose prophets, and they have passed out of it. Natural selection has favoured the race of inveterate hopers. And where this is the popular temperament it is sure to characterize the leading minds. Mr. Emerson, who sees in the political changes which

have passed upon America the advance of a new earth in response to a new heaven of ideas, represents the particular epoch as well as the general character of its people. As Wordsworth believed in Nature, Emerson believes in man. "I conceive that in this economical world, when every drop and every crumb is expended by Nature, no mind is without its use. Divine intelligence carries on its administration by good men."

With all his democratic spirit, however, it is plain from this as from other recent addresses of Mr. Emerson that he regards the fraternity of scholars throughout the world as almost a caste. The giant in the mountains must not make a plaything of the peasant ploughing in the valley with his oxen, and must feel that by the peasant he also is sustained; but, nevertheless, the giants must see that they do not themselves forsake their summit for the valley and the grain. We cannot forbear quoting the conclusion of the address which bears upon this point and also traces it in large and suggestive relations:—

"The community of scholars do not, I fear, know their power. They weaken each other by the toleration of political baseness around them. Where good society exists it is very well able to exclude pretenders. They quickly find themselves uncomfortable, and depart to their own kind. Our politics have had a bad effect upon character. We have allowed our young men of ambition to play the game of politics, to follow the bad example set them without rebuke. But that kind of association does not leave a person his own master. He cannot come and go from the good to the evil at pleasure, and then back again to the good. There is a text in Swedenborg, which tells in a figure the fact of the unseen world. The man saw, in vision, the angels and the devils in heaven; 'but these stood not face to face and hands to hands, but feet to feet, those perpendicular up and these perpendicular down.'"

"Gentlemen, I believe and I hope, from the tone of public sentiment to-day, from the healthy judgment and the healthy sympathy of the American people, and of the educated class, that we shall be saved from the errors which have resulted to other countries from the repudiation of the moral sentiment. In England the want of spirituality in the upper classes, in the time of Charles II., and down through the Georges, had a disastrous effect; but it honourably distinguishes the educated classes here, that men believe in the power of the moral sentiments to succour the intellect and to draw greatness from its experience. When I say 'the educated classes,' I know what a meaning that phrase has, reaching millions here instead of hundreds. And, looking around me, I see of what sound material the cultivated class is here made; what virtue, what affection, what hope is joined with such greatness of learning and practical power, and that the cause of science and culture is in the hands of noble benefactors. I cannot but believe that this class is to have its effect in the time to come. I think their hands are safe enough to hold up the republic; and I see in their faces the promise of better times and of still greater men."

Such words of cheer, mingled with wise advice, were among the happiest of the omens under which the young men of Cambridge assembled on the occasion of their utterance, and they may fairly claim it as a sign of their high calling that such a man is their chosen and appropriate counsellor. One further reflection presses upon us as we leave this admirable address. No man in England has more eagerly recognised its author as one of the foremost intellects of the world than Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Yet in this address we find what, after long study and experience, this great thinker testifies as to the "After" of a nation of our own blood which some time ago shot Niagara!

JOINT-STOCK FRAUDS.

SELDOM, if ever, have the law lords pronounced a more important decision than that involved in the judgments delivered on the 15th, "in the matter of Overend, Gurney, & Co. (Limited)." It is hardly too much to say that one of the most essential attributes of the joint-stock system was at stake in this unparalleled contention. Mr. Mill, in that chapter of his "Political Economy" which treats of the joint-stock system, remarks on its peculiar appropriateness to the businesses of banking and insurance, in consequence of its affording to customers the "material guarantee of a large subscribed capital." Had the contention of Messrs. Oakes and Peek proved successful, no one could ever have felt secure in trusting to the credit of a joint-stock company; every one must have considered, that however large might be the amount of capital subscribed, the security thereby afforded might at any moment be withdrawn on the discovery of a misstatement or material suppression in the company's prospectus, entitling all the shareholders thereby deluded to repudiate their share contracts. The creditors would indeed still have "the company" to come upon for the discharge of their claims; but a company with the bulk of its shareholders withdrawn would be as unsubstantial an entity as a gravel-pit minus its sides and bottom. The "material guarantee" which Mr. Mill contemplated would be reduced to something very immaterial and shadowy, and thus joint-stock enterprise would be deprived of its credit—the very

breath of its nostrils. This, however, is a consideration which the House of Lords, sitting, not as a legislative, but as a judicial body, were not entitled to place among the pros and cons of the cause argued before them. Fortunately for joint-stock credit, law and expediency pointed to the same conclusion.

Most of our contemporaries, in commenting upon the conclusion at which the House of Lords, represented by Lords Chelmsford, Cranworth, and Colonsay, arrived, have commenced with the prefatory remark that the decision surprises nobody, least of all the contemporary. The same would, of course, have been said had the Fates and their lordships willed the other way. The truth is that very few people, even of the legal profession, to say nothing of the lay public, had much idea of the considerations on which the result depended. For the benefit of whomsoever it may concern, we will shortly epitomize the constructive principle of their lordships' interpretation. Under a former Companies Act (that passed in 1844), the creditor's remedy for enforcing payment of a debt which "the company" either could not or would not liquidate, consisted, not as at present in winding up the company, but in picking out any shareholder he liked (the fattest in the herd was usually selected), and discharging at him an offensive missile known among lawyers as a *sci. fa.*, and this the statute empowered him to do. As regarded the shareholder who had been duped into becoming so, by the fraudulent misrepresentations of the promoters—the case, as between him and the creditor, appears to have been simply one of "first come, first served." If the creditor opened the ball with his *sci. fa.*, the shareholder was not allowed to plead the company's fraud as against him; and conversely, if the shareholder was first in the field by instituting proceedings for the repudiation of his membership, it does not appear that a creditor could thereupon have struck in and insisted on having his pound of flesh out of that particular shareholder. The Companies Act of 1856 made an important change. It took from the creditor this power of singling out his individual shareholder and claiming payment from him, but it gave him in exchange the power of winding-up the company and getting payment out of the corporate assets which were to be extracted from the various members by the "official liquidator." And their Lordships have decided that corporate misrepresentation is no better defence against the creditor, represented by an official liquidator under a winding-up, than it was under the old law against the creditor who had come out with his *sci. fa.* No one can deny that this decision is both sound and wholesome law. Lord Chelmsford, however, is disposed to carry the principle farther, and, as against the shareholder, to hold that whenever his name is actually on the register at the commencement of a winding-up, there it must remain irrespective of the fact that he may already have filed his bill or taken other action for having it struck off. This is pushing the matter farther than is warranted by the analogy, and farther than appears necessary. Lord Chelmsford's views have, however, from the outset of his judicial career, been very unfavourable to the shareholders in cases like the present. Carried no further than the point to which Lord Cranworth's judgment, taken in connection with the late decision of Lord Cairns in the Reese River Mining Company's case, would carry it, the principle is an exceedingly salutary one. If the dupe discovers the cheat before the crash comes, and acts promptly on his discovery, he shall be released from liability, otherwise he must suffer for his stupidity or supineness as the case may be. It is unfortunate that, comparatively speaking, so weak a House should have sat upon so important an appeal; but had the whole of the law lords been present, the result to Messrs. Oakes and Peek would undoubtedly have been the same.

It is, of course, to be regretted that this unfortunate contention should have so swelled the heavy losses which joint-stock immorality has entailed on many hundreds of innocent persons; but we are unable to blame the shareholders for the desperate tenacity with which they have fought on. While saying this, however, we cannot forbear marking with the strongest disapprobation the manner in which the Defence Association and its supporters among the financial press have sought to magnify its chances of success in the eyes of those concerned. The *Money Market Review*, a weekly paper, devoted apparently to the interests of this Association, has been publishing almost weekly some article upon the subject; in these articles such cases as appeared to bear favourably on the prospects of the forthcoming appeal were heralded with jubilant bursts of exultation, while—and this is the proceeding which we condemn—the decisions on the *per contra* side were passed over in silence, or treated as though they had no bearing on the matter. We are sorry, too, to see that the Defence Association them-

selves have displayed in their circulars and advertisements a similar want of candour. Of course, the object was to induce non-subscribing shareholders to come forward with their contributions. Naturally enough, those who were keeping up the fight needed to be supplied with the sinews of war—there is no fault in that; but in common honesty those who applied to their fellow shareholders to strike in with them should have laid before them the whole truth, and should have added no jot or tittle to the legitimate chances of success. Where *suppressio veri* was the defence, candour would at least have been appropriate.

We cannot help adverting, in conclusion, to a question which has been often asked, without receiving any *practical* elucidation. To what influences are we to attribute the present low standard of joint-stock morality?—and from what remedies can we hope for any amelioration? Pursuing the first branch of the interrogatory, we may ask, How is it that there are so many men, not merely of respectability, but of position, who would not dream of stealing your spoons—to whom you might intrust the key of your cash-box or wine-cellar with entire safety—men who would not play sharp at whist (to mention nothing worse)—men, in short, who would not even do you in the matter of a horse-bargain or racing-bet—who are not above joining in the promotion of companies which could never by any possibility be got to float—cooking accounts, issuing false reports, and prospectuses, and generally co-operating actively in financial swindles? How is it that the phrase "financial company" has come to stink in the nostrils of men? We fear the solution lies in the conclusion—very uncomplimentary to human nature—that a large portion of mankind are only kept straight by constraint, or by its being made their direct and apparent interest to keep so. Carrying the answer a little nearer a practical solution, we believe the practical irresponsibility of directors and promoters has much to answer for. Irresponsibility proves fatal where more direct allurements would fail to have effect. The managers of joint-stock schemes and concerns have the sole conduct of large masses of intricate and uninviting business, subject only to such supervision as can be effected through the narrow loop-hole of a periodical general meeting. If the business be so difficult or so unpleasant that it gets practically left to one or two, or two or three of the ruling body, then—so much more chance for the devil. Added to all this, there is thrown into the scale the additional immunity arising from the supineness of shareholders, and the negligence and incaution of investors. Not one in twenty of the shareholders in limited companies ever reads through the articles of association, or makes the vaguest inquiry before buying shares on the faith of a glowing prospectus. Whether wisdom will now be found remains to be seen.

THE DEER-PARKS OF ENGLAND.

No people, except the Red Indians, have such a love for outdoor life as the English. Although a nation of shopkeepers, we still love the trees from which our till is made. Our animals are not all beasts of draught. In riding and shooting we are a match for all the world. Our boys at school have a healthy dislike to books. They take naturally to cricket. All things in all seasons. Boating and swimming for the summer, and skating for the winter. But if the seasons don't suit, so much the worse for the seasons. It was but last Christmas five Englishmen went down to the Serpentine to skate, but finding the ice would not bear, bathed instead. Cooped up in our narrow island, we yet have become the travellers and explorers of the world. What hills are ignorant of English boots? What mountains have not been conquered by high-lows? Our very poetry is redolent of the field and wood. No nation can show such an anthology as our Robin Hood ballads. There are two things which we English love—the greenwood and the sea. They both give us the same sense of liberty. Our great poets, Chaucer and Shakespeare, are never tired of singing of the greenwood. "As You Like It" is a forest in verse, where the brooks ever brawl and the birds sing, and Jaques for ever watches the herds of deer. As for sporting, it has been the source of half our pleasure and half our sorrow. Our first great game-preserver was Canute. He it was who appointed officers in the royal forests—primarii, our verderers; and lespegend, our regarders; and tine-men, our keepers. He it was who drew up a code of laws for every possible offence in the shape of wounding or killing a deer, or striking a verderer—but are they not all written in Manwood? Then came William of Normandy, who loved the red deer, says the Saxon chronicler, as if he was their own father. He and William the Red at last made the forest laws unsupportable, until men

rebelled, and from them indirectly sprang the Bill of Rights and the Charta de Foresta. In this way has sporting been the cause of half our pleasure and half our sorrow. We have, too, a literature upon sporting, such as no other nation can show. Dame Juliana Berners led the way in 1496 with her "booke," which "shewyth the manere of hawkyng and huntynge," and the roll is at present closed with the Memoirs of Asheton Smith, of Tedworth. Whatever we do we do with all our heart. It would be here out of place to show in what way our modern love of scenery, both in literature and art, is connected with our love of the chase. But it most undoubtedly is so. Our modern landscape painting is the counterpart to our Robin Hood ballads. In still closer connection our parks are bound up with our love of the chase. It has been said of English country gentlemen that they, at all events, do one good thing—keep the country picturesque. And there is many a squire who would nearly as soon cut off his right hand as cut down his favourite trees. No country can show such parks as our own. The French château, with its trim garden, is a poor apology for our wide acres, pastured over with herds of deer, and dark with trees. We are glad to say that the subject of English deer parks has lately met with worthy treatment. It was only fitting that Mr. Evelyn Shirley, who has so well described the noble and gentle men of England, should now describe their homes. The work has been a labour of love. Mr. Shirley is thoroughly at home with "Domesday" and all our county histories and itineraries. He has the "Book of St. Albans," Gascoigne's "Book of Hunting," and Liebauld's "Maison Rustique" at his fingers' ends. He quotes, too, not for quoting sake, but with real judgment. The reader has as much pleasure in reading the work as the author has evidently had in writing it. His knowledge, too, is very minute. Nothing escapes him. Thus he stops to note Warner's blunder in translating the "parcus bestiarum" of "Domesday" by "a pound for cattle." He might also have added that Moody in his recent translation of the Hampshire "Domesday" has stumbled into the same pitfall. Mr. Shirley's book, too, is full of anecdotes, which pleasantly relieve the topographical and historical portions. Besides this, the author is eminently practical, and he gives a final chapter on the management of deer, which every owner of a park ought to read.

In "Domesday" we first meet with the mention of parks. Ellis in his Introduction has given a list of them. But, as Mr. Shirley observes, they were in all probability known long before, and aptly cites a passage from the will of Thurstan, the date of which is supposed to be 1045, wherein he bequeaths to his "Chnites or pages the wood at Ongar, excerpt the deer-hay or deer-park, 'Derhaye,' and the stud which I have there." Stow and Sir William Dugdale, misled by Ross, were of opinion that Woodstock Park, said to have been made by Henry I., was the earliest in England. In "Domesday," however, there are no less than thirty-eight mentioned, of which eight belonged to the king. As Mr. Shirley says, it is difficult to determine which is the oldest of our present deer-parks. If, however, Lord Abergavenny's park at Eridge, in Sussex, can be identified with the Reredfelle of "Domesday," its claim to priority is indisputable. As to the extent of modern parks, it appears that the Royal Park at Windsor is the largest, comprising about 2,600 acres. After it comes Lord Egerton's Tatton Park, with 2,500 acres, though there are several others which nearly approach them in size, as Blenheim, Richmond Park, Eastwell, Grimsthorpe, Thoresby, and Knowsley. Of nearly every park Mr. Shirley has something interesting to say. He does not, however, merely confine himself to existing parks, but is careful to mention those that have at previous times been disparked. Thus he notices the beautiful, and as he well says "unique" park of St. Mary Magdalen, at Oxford, of which Dr. Bloxam writes:—"My impression is that deer were first introduced into a portion of the space behind the new buildings (then a bowling-green and gardens) about the beginning of the last century, and that as they increased, more space was given to them till the whole was at last absorbed into what is now called 'The Grove,' but no historical account, or even tradition of them is extant." So, too, Mr. Shirley mentions the extinct private parks, as that in Devonshire at Great Fulford, the seat of the Fulfords, which was disparked as lately as 1860; and again the one at Dartington, mentioned by Leland as being on the left bank of the Dart, or as in Worcestershire at Stanford Court, still the seat of the Winningtons, which was disparked about the year 1790. Mr. Shirley has had placed at his disposal a vast amount of park-lore, and he has made good use of his information. There is scarcely a park which has not some tradition connected with it, or which could not furnish some anecdote. Two parks at least are connected with our greatest poet. The oak of Herne the Hunter will never be forgotten at

Windsor Park, and visitors come from all parts of the world to see Charlecote Park, whilst "As You Like It" will, rightly or wrongly, preserve the memory of the Warwickshire Forest of Arden. Other parks, too, have their glories. Hursley, near Winchester, the seat of the Heathcotes, is famous for its deer-leap, and at Wolsely, in Staffordshire, on the borders of Cannock Chase, is another, the privilege of which is still maintained. At Althorp there still stands the old hawking-stand. Chartley and Chillingham and Lyme Park are renowned for their herds of wild white cattle. Those at Craven have long horns and ears tipped with black, whilst the Chillingham cattle, commemorated both by Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edwin Landseer, have long horns and red ears. Professor Owen, who is quoted by Mr. Shirley, is of opinion "that they are descended from domestic cattle introduced by the Romans, which subsequently became half wild from breeding together for many years in an unreclaimed state; and in a similar way, the numerous herds of wild cattle in South America owe their origin to the tame ones originally imported into that country by the Europeans." Leigh Court, and Holdenby, and Gisburne, inclosed by the Prior of Gisburne, by license in the thirty-ninth of Edward III., had also their herds of wild cattle. But these are all gone. Other parks have darker memories, like Annery in Devonshire. Here, in the reign of Henry V., lived Sir William Hankford, Chief Justice of England, of whom it is said that he was so "overwhelmed by the troubles of the times, that he wished for death, but not choosing to die by his own hands, he devised this extraordinary scheme to hasten his end—sending for the keeper of his park at Annery, he scolded him for not being more vigilant, and gave him strict orders to shoot any man whom he should meet within the park at night, if he refuse to answer." That very night the Chief Justice was found dead, shot by the keeper. But we must cease from making any more quotations, although Mr. Shirley's pages are so tempting. We cannot, however, refrain from just glancing at the way in which he has treated the parks in his own county of Warwick. Of his own fine park at Easington, he most modestly says, "it is, for the midland counties, wild and romantic in its character, and celebrated for its ancient hawthorns." Without expressing any opinion, he seems, by the long quotation which he gives, to agree with Mr. Bracebridge that it was at the old park at Fulbroke, and not at Charlecote, that Shakespeare's poaching exploit took place. Here we must stop. We cannot, however, conclude without a word of praise concerning the woodcuts which adorn the work. Many of the views, as those from Chartley and Wharnccliffe Chase, are very beautiful. We regret that Mr. Shirley has not given us more. We trust that in the next edition, for there is sure to be not one but many, he will give us sketches of other scenes such as may be found at Ugbrook and Savernake—now imparked with Tottenham—or Windsor, or Castle Howard, or Grimsthorpe. One word more. Above the learning we must place the liberal spirit in which the book is written. Mr. Shirley is an advocate for palings instead of park walls, so that we may all be able to enjoy some peeps of the scenery; and, with Washington Irving, rejoices to see a public footpath running through a park. The book, we may safely predict, will itself last as long as our English deer-parks, if they are only maintained in this spirit of wise liberality.

THE AGRICULTURAL MIND AGAIN.

In the opinion of many of the best critics, the greatest proof of Mr. Tennyson's genius is shown in the "Northern Farmer." It is easy enough to depict Claribels and Rosabels and smiling, twinkling Carolines, and to paint the moods and vagaries of lovers,—but to depict the solid stupidity of the British farmer is the touch-stone. No painter has yet ventured to represent the "bovine face," which is to be seen in the corn or beast market on a Saturday in a provincial town. The friend of Frail, Fosket, and Flewker is certainly difficult to depict. He generally mistakes a cry for an idea. Ten years ago, he was a ruined man. Even sixteen months ago, he was in a very bad state with the cattle plague. But then he alternates so dreadfully. He changes worse than the weather, which he is always blaming. Sometimes he says he "arnt sa mooch to learn," at other times he confesses that "whot wi' faith, and whot wi' steamers a fizzaing and a whizzing, and the sun a turning round the earth, he is clean stunned, muddled, and bet." On the whole, we hardly know what to make of the British farmer. Stubbing up Thornaby Waaste does not certainly clear his intellects. At the West Dereham rain-letting he has lately been seen in his glory. On that occasion, when the practical business of the day was concluded, he turned to

theory. The chairman of the meeting, it appears, called the attention of his brother farmers to the proposed Bill on the employment of women and children in agriculture. "Fuimus" was his cry.

"Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum,"

was the burden of his song. For the hundredth time the farmers were ruined. What the cattle plague had spared, this Bill would destroy. Mr. Winearls' arguments were curiously like the ploughing of ancient oxen, from right to left. He admitted that domestic servants were rare in consequence of the employment of women in the fields, and yet his only remedy was to keep employing them there. Bean-dibbling is not calculated to open the mind, nor is "skutching," or "squitching," from what we have seen of it, likely to improve the morals. Yet these pursuits seem to be Mr. Winearls' ideal of education. He further admits that agriculture is responsible for a great deal of immorality, but his answer to it is that the towns are just as bad. This is only a new version of the old story—"My wheat is looking very bad, but so is neighbour Jones's, and that's one comfort." But the real hero of the evening was Mr. John Hudson, of Castleacre. To use his own words, "he had been an employer of that class (that is, of the gang-system) for forty years and more; and he did not know how he was to conduct his business without their assistance." Mr. Hudson resembles Tennyson's Northern Farmer. The latter had drank his "quart ivry market noight for foorty year," and would not discontinue it for any doctor. Mr. Hudson, too, has employed his gangs for forty years, and won't discontinue them for any legislator.

"Faucett, a knaws nout, for a says what's nawways true,
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saay the things that a do,"

was Mr. Hudson's cry. Like his friend Mr. Winearls, he adopted the *tu quoque* argument. The gangs, he said, were, in his opinion, just as industrious and as moral as the classes above them. But Mr. Hudson was a great deal more like Tennyson's Northern Farmer than might at first sight be thought. The vicar of Castleacre, it appears, had been reproving him. To use Tennyson's language,—

"Parson's a beila loikewise, an' a sittin' ere o' my bed.
'The Amoighty's a taikin o' you to issen, my friend,' a said,
An' a toud ma my sins;"

and amongst them was that of the gangs. Mr. Hudson, however, did not let off the vicar of Castleacre so easily as the Northern farmer did his parson. He had a very pretty revelation to make. In short, it is so interesting that we must use Mr. Hudson's own language,—“Not long ago he (Mr. Hudson) was taken a round by a young man, when he saw elegant young ladies—educated young ladies—leading an immoral life. If people wanted female servants, let them go to that class for them! He was told the other day that there were not only scores but hundreds of the daughters of the poor clergy in that class.” We should certainly like to know something more of the “young man” and the places to which he took Mr. Hudson. Mr. Whalley, we know, believes that nuns are little better than what our grandmothers used to call fye-fyes, but Mr. Hudson's is quite a new light in which to regard clergymen's daughters, however poor. Is it possible, however, that Mr. Hudson has been made the victim of a gigantic hoax? Has the young man been playing a practical joke? or does Mr. Hudson believe that the wavy golden locks of St. John's Wood first saw light in some poor but happy vicarage, or that the bracing air of some curacy on the Yorkshire wolds gave the brilliancy to the complexions that are nightly seen in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket? History, we are aware, often shows a strange connection between the priests and the *hetaïræ* of former days. We can hardly, however, suppose that Mr. Hudson is acquainted with either the history of Greece or of India, nor do we recommend to him the study of their social-religious customs. On the other hand we would invite him to look at the statistics of some of our penitentiaries, where he will find that by far the largest number of fallen women are drawn from the agricultural classes.

What followed after Mr. Hudson's revelation about the clergyman's daughters, and his invitation to his friends to take their servants from them, we are left to guess. A Mr. Aylmer tried to throw oil upon the troubled waters. He appears to have spoken well both of the gangs and the clergyman's daughters. Then came the Church in the person of the Rev. T. White. Judging from his language he must be a remarkable man. “He protested,” he said, “with all the burning soul of a Briton, against such a firebrand as had been thrown down.” We have certainly many times heard of

“burning souls,” but it has usually not been in connection with Great Britain, but with another place which we need not here specify. “The clergy and the farmers were one,” continued Mr. White; “they were united together heart and soul, mind and tongue.” Whether the Rev. T. White's brother-clergymen will thank him for his new-formed alliance is questionable. Generally speaking, if there is a troublesome parishioner, who opposes the clergyman in re-pewing the church or putting in a new organ—who objects to a choir because his father did without it, or to a stained window because it is Popish—he is sure to be a farmer. But the Rev. T. White thinks very highly of the farmers. What the farmers generally think of the average clergyman has been very fairly expressed by the Northern Farmer—

“An' I never knaw'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a' ad summut to saay.”

And we must confess to being in the same state of perplexity about the fine language in the Rev. T. White's speech. “Perish the atrocious doctrine,” he continued, “for it ought to be only hatched in the darkness of midnight, and buried in the tomb of the illegitimate, that the clergy wanted to do anything contrary to the broad common sense and good feeling of the farmers of England.” What “the darkness of midnight,” and “the tomb of the illegitimate” may mean, is quite beyond us, unless it conveys some allusion to those scenes and their consequences which Mr. John Hudson of Castleacre appears to have witnessed under the guidance of his friend and philosopher, the “young man.” But it is the agricultural mind with which the Rev. T. White is so enamoured. Considering all that has passed, considering the opposition which the agricultural mind has offered to every benefit which we enjoy, we certainly do not think that Mr. White does well to make the farmers his chief advisers. Doubtless their opinion is very valuable upon questions of drainage, and marl, and manure, but upon all other topics we would go elsewhere for counsel. And after the Rev. T. White rose the new Tory baronet, Sir William Bagge, one of the Conservative members for West Norfolk. We cannot call to mind any of Sir William's speeches in the House, but we shall certainly now look forward to them with considerable anxiety. He has promised to fight the farmers' battle against Professor Fawcett, and Mr. Mill, and “all those of his school.” A debate between Sir William Bagge and Mr. Mill will certainly be a highly interesting event. Pending this great contest, we will, however, look at Sir William's present speech. He admits all the charges made against the gang-system. To quote his own words, “he had seen the evil of these gangs, and heard the language used by these boys and girls, and he said it was most disgraceful.” And yet, with strange inconsistency, Sir William refuses to hear of the only remedy that can be devised to counteract the evil—compulsory education. This is the same old spirit which, when the country was starving, made the agricultural mind vote against the only remedy—Free-trade; this is the same spirit which, when the country was in ignorance about its own resources, made the agricultural mind denounce the only remedy—agricultural statistics—as inquisitorial. The agricultural mind, in short, seems to hate anything that is new, simply because it is new. “I always voted against the d——d intellect, and always will,” cries the agricultural mind. And this explains the cause of Sir William Bagge's hostility against Professor Fawcett, and Mr. Mill, and “all those of his school.” But just as, in spite of the agricultural mind, Free-trade has become the law of the land, so, too, must compulsory education. As in the first case the farmers have been benefited, so will they also be in the second. In proportion as the labourer is skilled and educated, is his work of higher character. Machinery, too, has still a great part yet to play in agriculture. And if a dearth of hands is occasioned by compulsory education, one good at least will be obtained—that it will make the farmers turn their attention more and more to the improvement of agricultural machinery.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PARLIAMENTARY REPORTERS.

It never appears to have occurred to the forty-seven members of the House of Commons who supported Mr. Gladstone at the late dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, to inquire into the conditions under which their clients pursue their calling in St. Stephen's, or the arrangements made for their discomfort. Strangers in the Lower House, who notice the piteous and imploring glances occasionally directed at the Gallery by the hon. member on his legs, when the reporters seem to relax in

their energy, or who listen to the hopes which sometimes find audible expression that what is being said may "go forth to the country," would be astonished to learn that the House never concerns itself in the smallest degree about the accommodation provided for gentlemen who discharge such important and influential duties. The compliments paid to their fidelity, skill, and impartiality, would fill a volume. Individual members would admit that they owe everything to the gentlemen in the Gallery. If they were asked what the Parliamentary reporters owe to them in return, it would be found that the obligation never extends beyond the occasional loan of a Blue-book. If they were told that the accommodation provided for their benefactors outside the Gallery is dark, dismal, and disgraceful—that they must either work in a pestilential atmosphere or write in a distant committee-room, from which they are liable to be ejected at a moment's notice by the caprice of the Sergeant-at-Arms—that the scanty refreshments supplied to them (of course at their own cost) are served with a want of cleanliness and under circumstances of extreme discomfort—they would probably wonder how it happens that gentlemen who obtain publicity for so many grievances have never ventilated their own, and have never appealed to the House for more considerate treatment.

We hear that the accommodation provided for the Parliamentary reporters both in and outside the Gallery has occupied the attention of the House of Commons Arrangements' Committee. The Chairman (Mr. Headlam) and the members of the Committee have recently inspected the accommodation provided for the occupants of the Gallery, and have not disguised their opinion that it is little creditable to the House and a standing indignity to the members of an honourable and distinguished profession. From the evidence given before the Committee, it may be gathered that such is the unwillingness of the reporters to obtrude themselves or their grievances upon the House that ever so favourable an opportunity of establishing their claims to better accommodation would have been neglected, but for an act of caprice and indignity wantonly offered to them in the discharge of their duties by some of the officials of the department of the Sergeant-at-Arms. If we are correctly informed—and we believe the facts will be substantiated in the forthcoming Blue-book—the reporters have, during the whole of the present session, been allowed the use of one of the Committee-rooms for the transcription of their notes during the morning sittings of the House. Two or three sessions ago, upon the recommendation of the late First Commissioner of Works, Committee-room No. 18 was allotted to their use at night. When this room has been engaged during the Wednesday and other day sittings, the attendants have allowed them to write in some contiguous Committee-room which has happened to be disengaged. Friday, the 28th June, was one of the morning sittings devoted, under the new arrangement, to the discussion in Committee of the Government Reform Bill. It appears that the reporters were on that morning writing in No. 17 Committee-room, No. 18 being required for a Select Committee. They were, however, interrupted and desired to withdraw by the attendant. They complied, believing that it was only necessary to make a respectful appeal to Lord C. Russell in order to obtain readmission to No. 17 or some other room. They accordingly addressed the following letter to the Sergeant-at-Arms:—

"The Parliamentary reporters beg to represent to Lord Charles Russell that they have just been ignominiously turned out of Committee-room No. 17, where they were transcribing their notes, and in which room there is no Committee now sitting.

"They have also been shown an order signed by Colonel Forrester, that they are not to be admitted to the room allotted to them, Committee-room No. 18, until a quarter to five o'clock.

"They beg to represent to Lord Charles Russell that they require a room during the morning sittings of the House as urgently as during the evening; and they respectfully request Lord Charles Russell to give directions that some Committee-room, not required for the use of members during the morning sittings, be set apart for their use."

"Reporters' Gallery, Friday Morning."

It seems that on the following Tuesday there was another morning sitting on the distribution scheme of the Reform Bill. The reporters, feeling confident that their appeal to the Sergeant-at-Arms would be successful, endeavoured on that morning to obtain admission to one of the Committee-rooms, but found them all locked against them. The attendant told them he was acting under orders, and they accordingly addressed a second letter to the Sergeant-at-Arms:—

"The Parliamentary Reporters beg to represent to Lord Charles Russell that they are again refused admission to the committee-room (No. 18), although the room is at this moment, and will be throughout the day, entirely unoccupied.

"They understand that Col. Forrester has given orders that they are not to be admitted to No. 18 until a quarter to five o'clock.

"They beg again to represent to Lord C. Russell that they have the same need of No. 18 during the morning sittings as at night, and they respectfully request that they may be at once allowed the use of a room which is at present unoccupied, and which was allotted to their use by the First Commissioner of Works."

"Reporters' Gallery, July 2."

It is quite possible that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Bright had been made aware that their important speeches on the distribution of seats were being transcribed by gentlemen standing at the messengers' tables in the corridor, because their own room was capriciously closed against them, some public notice would have been taken of the occurrence which would have secured the reporters from a repetition of the indignity. No notice was, it seems, taken of the letter by the sergeant or his deputy during the morning sitting. It appears, however, from the evidence tendered to the Committee, that while the representatives of the daily journals were writing at the messengers' little tables, Colonel Forrester came along the corridor. He was requested to direct No. 18 to be opened to them. He declined. He was then asked whether he was aware that it was not occupied by any Committee, and he replied that he was fully aware of it. The gentlemen writing at the tables in the corridor were then pointed out to him as the representatives of all the morning papers, and one of them said—"You cannot imagine that it is very pleasant for us to have to stand at these tables and write our notes here." Colonel Forrester replied that he regretted it, but that he acted under the orders of the Sergeant-at-Arms. It is only fair to add that later in the day—too late to be of use for that occasion—the Sergeant-at-Arms, through the intervention of a gentleman who acted as *amicus curiæ*, revoked his prohibition, and the reporters have since been permitted to use the Committee-room during the morning as well as evening sittings. The "Gallery" appears to have been roused by the insult conveyed in this petty piece of official obstruction. A public meeting of Parliamentary reporters was convened—the most numerous and influential ever held—and a Committee was appointed to represent the claims and grievances of the body before Mr. Headlam's Select Committee. The Gallery Committee is composed, we hear, of the chiefs of the staff of the five daily papers, and two gentlemen selected to represent two other daily journals. The Committee deputed two of their body to offer themselves for examination, and these gentlemen were examined at some length before Mr. Headlam's Committee. We are informed that the order for closing Committee-room, No. 18, until a quarter to five o'clock on every day of the week was justified by the Sergeant-at-Arms on the ground that an important document belonging to one of the members of the Committee was missing. The imputation that any official document has been abstracted by any one of their body is, we hear, most warmly resented by the Parliamentary corps, and they are not without hopes that they may be able to convince the House that there is no ground whatever for this odious and dishonouring imputation. The Parliamentary reporters appear to have explained to the Select Committee the defective nature of their existing accommodation. They urged their claim to receive additional facilities in the discharge of duties which are admitted to be second in importance only to those of hon. members themselves. And they energetically expressed the desire of the entire body to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and placed under the protection of the House itself—a request which, after the treatment they have received, does not appear to be very unreasonable, or likely to be refused to them. The Select Committee, we understand, listened encouragingly to the suggestions made to them. They then naturally desired to obtain the opinion of gentlemen so competent to give them information as to the acoustics of the present House of Commons, and the chief points to be borne in mind in its enlargement and reconstruction. To these subjects we may recur.

FLITTING-TIME.

THE literature at the railway station is becoming a subject of real interest. The monotony of its time-tables is being mitigated by promises of excursions to rural Edens and trips to undiscovered Elysiums, which act as baits to the fish who are in search of fresh waters. This year, it is true, the season opened early, and assumed prematurely a sensational character, owing to the abnormal attractions of the French Exhibition. But quiet people, heads of families, and men of business, have hitherto regarded the tempting advertisements as Syren voices, pleasant, indeed, but immoral. The invitation of a trip to Paris for a slight consideration was to them as persuasive as

goods which are sold at an alarming sacrifice are to a man who has not a sou. In each case the thing is impossible, and there is an end of the question. And here the idea obtrudes itself, why do we choose our holidays in August? On what ground of common sense is the whitebait dinner as decisive of our play-time as Easter is of our calendar? Yet these Greenwich festivities are the keynote to the "Nunc Dimittis" of the London tradesman. Till then, he is on duty. During the session his place is beside his representative in Parliament, and occupying, as it were, the offices. It does not occur to him that he has missed the germs of spring and the full promise of summer. He is at his post, and it becomes him not to sleep when he is there. If the pay is regular, he does not complain, and he knows that desertion means want and bankruptcy. Fashion has, in this instance, beaten nature, or fashion and the love of sport combined. Herein time and tide wait for man. But for hunting, the most natural time for Parliament to sit would be during the winter months, in which case the inferior man might desport himself amongst the hay, instead of spending the brightest and hottest months in the reeking atmosphere of town life. But we are a Conservative people, and we abide by the customs of our ancestors. Whilst we range ourselves under the standard of St. George, we pay our offerings at the shrine of St. Hubert. Our legislators pursue the wily fox at Melton, and their followers sacrifice the long days in London. The dominant race is Centaur, but the Reformed Parliament may turn out Lapithean. Our neighbours over the water have already given us an example. If this year their gigantic peep-show, with its cosmopolitan visitors, has kept them longer at home, yet their rule is to leave Paris in May, and they exercise a wise discretion in leaving their capital during the summer months a prey to the gaping foreigner. But, leaving this knotty point, let us go back to the English paterfamilias, and to the traps which are laid for him, as the days grow long. In June he keeps his eyes steadily fixed on his counter or on his brief, and he regards Continental excursions in the light of voyages to the other world—pleasing perhaps, but impossible. He cannot go and he will not think of it. But as July draws to its close, he treats the word "impossible" as it was treated by the Duke of Wellington. It is removed from his vocabulary, and the idea of flitting forces itself upon him, as a necessary and not disagreeable fact. The next step is to resolve himself and his family into a committee of ways and means. Bradshaw becomes at once an authority and Murray a pocket-companion. The imagination for a moment has full play and wanders unfettered over the map of Europe. This is, however, a fit of temporary insanity, which yields to more sober influences. There is the regular alternative of the bathing-machine and the chalet, supplemented in the present instance by the unusual display to be found in the French Exhibition. When your neighbours have invited you to such a feast, it seems churlish not to accept the invitation. Everybody has not been to Paris in August, and therefore many wish to go. The smell of stale cookery which seems indigenous at that season, the cruel glare from the white stone buildings which hem you in, the clouds of dust which greet the traveller as he toils through the European metropolis, must be experienced to be known in their full horrors. Add to these normal conditions the discomfort which ensues from the concourse of all nations in a limited space, the famine prices which form part of the programme, the contests with foreign cabmen, whose innate insolence and voracity are enhanced by extraneous causes, and the path of pleasure is planted with gigantic thorns. But with the traveller uncertainty is in itself almost a pleasure. He may not be robbed, he may not be jostled, he may not be bullied. The excursionist *ipso facto* is a rough-and-ready creature—

"Not over-exquisite
To cast the shadow of uncertain evils."

There is something of the Crusader about him. He sallies forth in a good cause, and he is willing to do or die. If he is a novice, on reaching Calais he feels that he is going to discover new regions; if he is an old hand, he is buoyed up with the consciousness that he is a philosopher. But to a genuine Englishman, the invasion of foreign lands has another charm. As his insular feeling is deep laid, he has a pride in leaving his own country. It is a good thing for the native to see the free-born Briton, and the opportunity of assuring them of British superiority must not be lost. If he has acquired a few French phrases on a former visit, it is desirable to add to the stock, and if he cannot speak a word, perhaps the language may be caught by instinct. Or he may have daughters, and they are wild to air the boarding-school *patois* which in our mouths passes for pure Parisian; and if their taste is cultivated in that

direction, they may have artistic longings after French boots, regardless of the fact that they have English feet to put in them. We have even heard of ladies being so benighted as to postpone the buying of their gloves till they have crossed the Channel; but this infatuation a morning's shopping will effectually cure.

But suppose that the domestic Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared against Paris, there remains the question of Scarborough or Chamouni. Amongst the pros and cons it is unwise to ignore an important element in foreign travel. The hardships which we encounter off our own soil do not seem to count. When we have once started we apparently shake off the slough of inveterate habit, and we come out in clothes of a cosmopolitan texture. The man who grumbles over his chop at the club, and storms at the butler because his wine is "corked," eats the questionable omelette, and drinks his Swiss champagne with the utmost contentment at Zermatt. The fine lady, who cannot walk to church half a mile off, takes a new lease of life, and endures the agonies of a day's jolting on a mule's back if she is on the road to Chamouni; not that the fatigue is little, or that the discomforts of riding on a mule are imaginary, but that the mind is amused and employed, instead of falling back upon its own emptiness. The traveller is taken out of the mill, and thereby gains a freshness and a buoyancy which London saloons cannot supply. Life changes from a dinner-party to a picnic. The eternal routine of shifting from drums to balls, from five o'clock teas to operas, is relieved by the sound of mountain echoes, and by the luxury of hard fare. The tittle-tattle of the gay world is merged in epithets of admiration, which an enthusiasm, hitherto torpid, delights to heap on the wonders of nature, and the faces which have so often looked ghastly when the gaslight has been confronted with the dawn, give a fair promise of renewed bloom. The Corydons whose button-holes have been radiant with flowers, whose boots might have been looked into "*veluti in speculum*," may be met stalking over the passes without collars, as rough as ploughmen, and as brown as berries. In fact, everywhere nature is asserting her sway. If, however, these considerations are disregarded, the watering-place offers a refuge, from Scarborough and its *table d'hôte* to Margate and its shrimps. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ." Belgravia goes one way, Cornhill another. Our forefathers favoured Bath, their sons smile on Brighton, and no doubt they were as dull in their way as we are in ours. The chief drawback to the seaside is that it has caught a smack of London, as a village clerk is apt to borrow the tone of the clergyman under whom he sits. There is the same toilette and the same fashionable jargon, only the first is not quite new, and the other is apt to be secondhand. After a few weeks spent in sniffing the sea-breezes, the effect is only recognised in the improvement of your appetite. Unless you are a collector of shells and pebbles, you might as well have stayed at home. As to the mental faculties, they have probably been diluted by a steady course of three-volume novels.

Having said so much, it seems superfluous to record our vote in favour of travel. In taking Switzerland as an example, we naturally include Scotland, the English lakes, and Ireland; but on the whole the change is more complete the farther we get away, and the more moderate scale of charges will make up the difference in railway fares. Besides, the variety of costume, the new styles in architecture, the difficulties of using a foreign tongue, are valuable in stirring up our somewhat sluggish temperaments. What a retrospect there is in a Swiss tour! The first sight of the mountains cloudlike in the horizon after hours of French plain; the bath at the Three Kings, which hangs over the rushing Rhine; the train to Lucerne, creeping along as if the engine was broken-winded;—all this variegated texture of poetry and prose is an unfailing fund of pleasure in after years, a veritable joy for ever. No doubt the Englishman may indulge his mania for domesticating more easily whilst he is striving to master the names of seaweeds by his native shore, but assuredly he is thereby none the nearer to the wisdom which is to be gathered from a sojourn out of doors.

HORRIBLE BRISKNESS.

THERE are few things more objectionable than to wake very early in the broad daylight of a summer morning with the painful consciousness that there is a blue-bottle fly in high condition in your bedroom. An apathetic man might possibly be lulled to sleep by the monotone of his buzzing, and an energetic man would rise and pursue the fly to death with a towel. But the ordinary mortal will probably lie and chafe at the unwelcome presence of the irrepressible intruder. First he

will make a swoop down by the washstand, the next moment he will dash across the bed, then will be heard the strangled buzz as he entangles himself for a moment in something; then his head bumps against the ceiling, then against the blind; after which, for an instant, he is still so as to inspire a delusive hope that he is tired. But another moment and it all begins anew; the same noisy, ubiquitous, stupid thing will act the same performance over and over again. It would be quite pardonable if any result came of it; if one could say, "There now, he is making honey;" or, "He is trying to catch a gnat." But the essence of the annoyance is that all this irrepressible bumping and swooping is merely aimless. In fact, that it is only the result of horrible briskness. Now, far be it from us to do a moment's injustice to briskness under ordinary circumstances. We do not ask to have our beer flat, nor our champagne without effervescence, nor our friends dull, although we deeply respect the mighty power of stupidity; against which, as it has been well said, the gods themselves strive in vain. No; by all means let us testify to our great admiration of activity and liveliness, but let us draw at the same time the strongest line between these virtues and that painful perversion of them which we have ventured to call—horrible briskness. What the blue-bottle fly is in the insect kingdom—what the parched pea is in the vegetable world—are those unfortunate people in every-day life who are afflicted with this mania. We say "unfortunate people," but it is really their friends who are unfortunate. To themselves they no doubt afford the highest satisfaction, and are full of self-congratulation upon their busy activity. For the very characteristic of such persons is the noisy claim to approval which they always seem to prefer. They remind one of the small locomotives which are constantly seen at a railway junction, steaming up one line and down another, everlastingly crossing the points, running into sheds and out again, bustling into sidings, and coming back by the way which they went, enveloped all the while in a cloud of high-pressure steam which roars from the safety-valves, and volleys forth as they scud up and down making far more disturbance than the mighty engine which is passing on the main line with its huge train behind it. Surely, we can find the very counterpart to such funny little engines among our own friends. Perhaps men are less liable to horrible briskness than women; yet when they do suffer from it, they have it very severely. We must know the type of man well; his figure darkens the horizon of the happiest and most uneventful life. He comes up to us rubbing his hands cheerily, and betraying inexhaustible powers of activity in the very formation and action of his legs. "Anything going on?" he asks; and we answer, "No," with a sigh of conscious relief, fondly hoping that he will pass away from us like a threatening cloud. But it is not to be. He is full of schemes; and we must hear about them all. He is over head and ears in business—more than half of it self-imposed—and he glories in the prospect. He is the chairman of about a hundred committees. Indeed, committees seem spontaneously to form themselves and to gravitate towards him by a natural instinct. As to "letting well alone," such a tame abnegation of his privileges is impossible to him. He starts and quickens into hideous life questions that had better be buried at the bottom of the sea; he polls the parish at vestry meetings; he rejoices to be foreman of juries. And when we look hopefully for signs of exhaustion in him after an unusually heavy pressure of work, there he stands fresh and rosy, and rubbing his hands still—

"per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
ducit opes animumque ferro."

It is hard work merely to live in his society. Frightful it is to find the man of horrible briskness a fellow-traveller in the railway. Above the roar and the racket of the train his voice is heard imperatively condemning us to a lively and unbroken conversation, in which we are compelled to take our part, and to strain every muscle to keep up a series of audible replies. The train draws up at a station; he is out in a moment, stamping up and down the platform, as if it had just been laid down as the chosen arena for his gymnastics. Then, at the last moment before the train moves on, he jumps into his carriage again, and recommences his conversation with us more briskly than ever. It is a very mixed joy to go on a visit to a country house where the host is a person of this description. As to enjoying the country quietly, the chance is swept out of our hands in an instant, and never comes within reach again. We must see everything in the neighbourhood. Sentence has been passed on us before ever we were awake in the morning; and on coming down to breakfast we find ourselves already involved in an elaborate plan of sight-seeing, which must in-

evitably occupy every available hour of the day. It may seem weak to succumb to one's fate without a resistance. But what is the good of resisting? All that we shall be told will be, "My dear fellow, you must positively see what is to be seen, and the dog-cart will be round in twenty minutes!" He had better have said "the tumbril" at once, and let us go to our fate in a becoming spirit. Or, if there is actually nothing to be seen in the locality, then we are paraded round the premises, and have to inspect everything in detail, from the picture gallery to the piggeries. It was either James or Horace Smith, who, having smarted once under this infliction, provided against it on his next visit by bringing nothing for his feet but a pair of slippers, and thus incapacitating himself in the true spirit of the French conscripts, who used to take out their front teeth that they might not be able to bite the cartridge, and load their muskets. But even that forlorn hope must have vanished with the invention of the breech-loading Chassepot rifles. If Dr. Watts' theory is correct that Satan finds some mischief always for idle hands, that malignant power must certainly have had a head in creating the type of horrible briskness, as the most certain temptation to lure every one about him into the very depths of idleness if only as protest. But we hinted that an analogous type was to be found in the female sex; and when found, it is certainly very virulent, perhaps on the theory that *corruptio optimi pessimum est*. A man with a brisk and handy wife can never be too sincerely congratulated; but a man whose wife develops into horrible briskness, would do wisely to leap from his own garret window. The true test of wifely briskness, which makes a paradise of home, is when by some noiseless method and womanly tact, the complicated machinery of the household all works together in a pleasant harmony. We feel from the satisfactory result that busy fingers and busy thoughts have been at work, but the stoking and the poking which keeps the engine up to its work are not visible. On the other hand, there is the briskness which may indeed produce the result, but which mars it in the act of production. There is the painful sense that things are being managed, that servants are being driven; there is ever the perceptible bustle of arrangement going on; the violent self-assertion of cleanliness; the merciless fiat of punctuality. It is that state of things which the Sultan is said to have remarked the other day as one of the characteristics of English manner, "They always do things in a gale of wind." Those whose memories of their childhood are vivid may remember how deeply they suffered when they were left to the tender mercies of a nurse of this type. No doubt she did her duty by them, but it was a rough-handed duty. On the awful Saturday night their heads were not combed but vigorously scraped, and their infantile bodies were not washed but scrubbed, so that we can understand the wisdom of nature in providing us with three skins instead of one only. But very often husbands have to thank themselves for the development of this mania in their mates. Women who have begun married life with a very wholesome admixture of the *suaviter in re* with the *fortiter in modo*, have been goaded into this morbid condition by the miserable apathy and slovenliness of their lesser halves, who will not even take the trouble to order in the coals, which was intended by Providence to be the only household duty of males, besides that of writing cheques. However, to be fair to our own sex, we must acknowledge that some most excellent females do begin life like the month of March, "coming in like a lion," and they keep it up, too, till the end of the chapter; in which cases the husband has nothing left for him to do but to fulfil the other half of the duty of March, and to "go out like a lamb." But if horrible briskness be appalling in females, who really have a definite line of duties of their own, and who do them well though stormily; what words shall we find to describe the development of it in members of the sex who have nothing to do but what this briskness prompts them to? The most favourable subject for the disease in its most acute form is the middle-aged unmarried female. It has been wisely said, that when a curate first goes to a new parish, and officiates for the first time in church, he should take a good look round while the singing is going on, and if he sees as many as three or four active-looking spinsters of a certain age in his congregation, he would do well to go home quietly that evening and pack up his portmanteau. Those ladies will otherwise be too many for him. It is not only that they will load his parishioners with tracts and pamphlets and paper as if they were guns; or that they will "exhibit" salts and senna and other drastic medicines to his sick, that may do as much good as harm. But they will have a system of their own which they will work with untiring energy, no matter what it is, and one of two things must happen to him, he must either surrender himself to the current,

and from that day forth be merely a straw upon its eddying surface; or he will brace himself to a manly resistance, having perhaps some carefully thought-out system of his own, of a character diametrically opposite; in which case the metaphor must be changed for him—the waters will be about him still, but for him they will have become hot waters indeed. He may, perhaps, carry the day, for there are nameless heroes in those little villages which we come on in our “rambles beyond railways.” But what chance has one man in fifty? Who has the courage, who has the time, to make head against the sleepless powers of briskness in this peculiar development? We repeat it, his course is to steal away before the sluices are raised; unless indeed he can provide a sudden breakwater in the shape of wife, which is said to have a remarkable power in stemming such tides.

These are but a few and faltering words where much more might be said. But if they seem like sympathy to one poor, persecuted mortal who has been distracted with the buzzings of the bluebottle which we used as our opening illustration, why, then, as an author is fond of saying in a modest preface to a book, “our purpose will have been more than satisfied.”

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AFTER spending the fête-day of the 15th at the Camp at Châlons (where there were some grand military manœuvres, and a good deal of artillery target practice), the Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress, started for Salzburg on Saturday, and the much talked-of interview between the French and Austrian monarchs is now a matter of history. What it really amounted to is more than any journalist, not specially “inspired,” would dare to say. We are told that the visit was simply a visit of condolence on the death of Maximilian; and (though we hear of galas and visits to the theatre) doubtless that was one of the motives of the victor of Solferino in thus seeking an interview with his former adversary. Louis Napoleon is a kind-hearted man, and it is likely enough that he really desired to express in person to the Emperor Francis Joseph his grief at having, however unintentionally, been the cause of the tragical end of Maximilian. But there cannot be a question that “eventualities” were discussed. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that it should have been otherwise; nor is there any reason why the two potentates should have held their tongues on questions the most deeply interesting to themselves and their respective peoples. The Emperor of Austria was attended by Baron von Beust, Prince Metternich (the Austrian Minister at the Court of the Tuileries), and Count Andrassy, the Hungarian Premier; and with these important personages the French Emperor has had interviews—a fact in itself sufficient to take the visit to Salzburg out of the region of mere courtesy. The two Emperors appear to have come to an “understanding,” though not to any formal alliance; and that understanding is said to be with a view to inducing the other European Powers to join in an agreement taking for its basis the maintenance of the Treaty of Prague. The formation of a South German Bund, under the leadership of Austria, is also once more spoken of. This would mean a check to the further advance of Prussia; but comment would be vain where so little is known of the facts. That something like actual business was transacted is apparent from the fact that the conferences have been protocolled, and that, after the departure of the two Emperors from Salzburg, conferences will be held between the leading Ministers of both monarchs, in order to define the results of the preliminary discussions.

NOTHING has been heard as yet of the anticipated letter of the Emperor Napoleon on political reforms; but, instead, we have had a missive from his Majesty to the Minister of the Interior, directing him to prepare a Bill for the improvement of roads, for the making of cross-roads, and for the augmentation of canal and river communication, as a counterpoise to railway monopoly. The Emperor regards the number and good state of the roads of a country as one of the most certain signs of an advanced stage of civilization. It may be so; but it is clear that no reform of this nature can supersede the necessity for political modifications in the direction of a larger amount of liberty than now exists in France. However, the departments and communes are to set to work settling the details of the scheme for road-making, and a special fund is to be created for advancing them the necessary sums by means of loans granted at a moderate rate, and repayable at long periods. In this way, it is hoped, the contemplated network of parish roads may be completed within ten years. We have no wish to sneer at these works of

material improvement, from which France has already derived great advantage: all we would suggest is, that something else is necessary as well.

OBVIOUSLY, the Dumont affair is not yet at an end, as for a time we hoped. It now appears that on the 21st of June Marshal Niel, the French Minister of War, addressed a letter to Colonel d'Argy, the commander of the Antibes Legion at Rome, in which that legion is spoken of as though it were a part of the French army. The Marshal asks what explanation can be given of the frequent desertions taking place in the corps. “The soldier,” he remarks, “has nothing to envy of the troops of the mother country. He is commanded by French officers holding fitting grades in our army; he is serving a respectable cause at his own desire; he has before him what has always attracted the French soldier—an enemy to fight and a danger to confront; and yet he has shamefully deserted the flag he had freely chosen, and, giving way to guilty seductions, he is abandoning his chief to follow some miserable foreign recruiting agents.” The deserter is threatened, if he return to France, with the punishment of being sent to a disciplinary corps in Africa until the conclusion of his term of military service; and throughout the whole letter the same tone of authority over the legion is maintained. Marshal Niel deplores these desertions as “a stain upon the French army;” he will be “happy to point out to the Emperor those who shall distinguish themselves by their conduct;” and he assures the Colonel that he combines the legion “with the corps of the French army, for everything that concerns its military honour and the necessities of its organization.” This letter has been published in an order of the day issued at Rome; and, unless it should appear to be extra-official (which is not easy to believe), the French Government stands convicted of a scandalous violation of the September Convention. If France, under the pretence of an independent legion, is to be permitted to keep a detachment of its army, several thousands strong, in the Pontifical States, the so-called evacuation of Rome last December was a snare and a deception. Italy has faithfully observed the terms of the Convention; has protected the frontiers of the Papal States, and risked the popularity of the present Government by keeping Garibaldi back from the much-coveted prize. No wonder that Signor Rattazzi should have protested energetically against the interference of General Dumont and of Marshal Niel; no wonder that he should have demanded a revision of the September Convention, with a view to stopping such underhand proceedings. The Italian Premier appears to have acted with dignity and spirit; it remains to be seen how the French Government will meet his just complaints.

If the thing were prudent, the Italian Government might not unreasonably consider itself at liberty, after the Antibes disclosures, in removing all check on Garibaldi, and letting him take his own course. There seems, in fact, to be some understanding between the Liberator and the Ministry. Garibaldi recently averred at Sienna that they must go to Rome “with the Savoy dynasty,” which could “alone conduct them thither;” and the *Riforma* believes that he will not prosecute the journey he intended to make into Umbria. “Weighty political reasons,” which are described as “favourable to a solution of the Roman question,” are alleged to be at the bottom of this change of design.

SOUTHERN Italy is still little better than a savage land. The frightful attack of cholera which is even now raging there has been attributed by the ignorant country people to the intentional poisoning of wells, cisterns, and reservoirs; and, under the influence of this belief, a woman, known in the neighbourhood of Cosenza as a fortune-teller, was fixed on for vengeance. The incident which followed, and which is related by the Florentine correspondent of the *Daily News*, one can hardly imagine to have happened at the present day; it recalls the worst excesses of the middle ages. “A crowd assembled,” says the writer, “and it was determined that this poor creature should be seized and put to death. Having made their way to the woman's dwelling, they felled her to the ground, tore her body to pieces, and lighting a large bonfire, threw the bleeding remains into it. A daughter of the victim, a girl of fifteen, thrilling with horror at her mother's murder, screamed wildly at this terrible sight, and her cries attracted the notice of the crowd, who would have seized her and made short work of her also, had she not been saved by a brave man, at the peril of his life. After this bloody work, the crowd—composed of men, women, and children—spent a good portion of the night in dancing and revelry close to the spot where the charred

remains of their victim were lying." At Longobucco, near Rossano, another outbreak of ferocity, superstition, and fear took place. A man died of cholera, owing to excess in eating and drinking, and, at the instigation of his mother, wife, and sister, the mob rushed towards the houses of his most intimate friends, resolved on their death. They had escaped beforehand, but the rioters sacked their dwellings, and destroyed everything they could find, while the few riflemen in the place, unable to cope with the multitude, shut themselves up in their barracks. Assuredly, Southern Italy needs the schoolmaster.

ANOTHER insurrection has broken out in Spain, the precise proportions and probabilities of which are as yet involved in much obscurity. Martial law has been proclaimed in Barcelona; armed bands have appeared in various parts of Catalonia; and French troops have been sent to occupy positions all along the frontier line. General Prim is again, apparently, the moving spirit, as he was last winter; but it is uncertain whether or not he is yet in the country. In any case, it is very certain that Spain is disgusted with the tyranny of Isabella and her myrmidons, and that the executions and transportations which continually take place have only quickened the national resolve to get rid of the Bourbons as soon as possible.

THERE is talk of the French and English representatives at Athens having informed the Greek Cabinet that their Governments will hold Greece responsible for any further attacks on Turkey, and that full guarantees have been given by the Porte for the fulfilment of the demands of the Christian populations. Nevertheless, even if the insurrection in Crete is quelled, and not merely smouldering, Turkey's troubles are not yet over, for a movement has broken out in Bulgaria, which is said to look formidable.

A NEW YORK paper makes out, through its French correspondent, that the Empress Eugenie was madly in love with the Archduke Maximilian, and that it was at her request that the unfortunate Archduke was sent out of her way. When the news of her lover's death reached Paris the Empress was driven wild with grief, and came over to England to seek consolation from the bereaved Queen of this country. This has not been beaten by anything even in American journalism for some time past.

THE Tennessee and Kentucky State elections have taken place under circumstances which threw a singular light on the position of the negro in the United States. Kentucky never actually seceded, though it was always very disloyal, and is so still. Congress, therefore, has acquired no right to interfere with the suffrage, which still remains as it was—a suffrage for white men only. The result is seen in the fact of the "democrats," or pro-slavery men, having carried the State by a majority of between 30,000 and 40,000. In sometime rebellious Tennessee—where, by the right of conquest, the will of the Federal Government has been enforced, and the negroes have been free to vote—Governor Brownlow has been re-elected by a majority of nearly 40,000, on strictly Union principles. The election went off quietly, though it was necessary to make a great display of military force, and to swear in special constables. The violence of both parties previous to the election seems to have been excessive. On the one hand, the democrats committed the most shocking cruelties on the negroes; on the other, Governor Brownlow and his "militia" acted with equal "rowdiness," and coerced as many voters as they could, actually, it is said, throwing several into gaol, to get rid of their votes. The antecedents of this man Brownlow are remarkable. He was originally a Methodist parson, and before the civil war was one of the most furious advocates of slavery ever known, even in the South. During the war, however, he became a Union man, and has remained so ever since. He does not appear to be a credit to either party.

WE mentioned last week the suspension by the President of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. The details have now reached England, and it appears that the Minister has long been obnoxious to his chief, owing to his having always supported the views of Congress in the matter of reconstruction, rather than those of the President. Accordingly, Mr. Johnson asked Mr. Stanton to resign, for "grave public considerations;" Mr. Stanton declined to do so, also for "grave public considerations." Thereupon Mr. Johnson "suspended" Mr. Stanton until the next meeting of the Senate,

being unable to do more, for, by the late modification of the law in this respect, the President can now only *dismiss* his Ministers by the consent of the Upper House. Mr. Stanton, however, had not, at the last date, given up his place; and the probability is that the Senate, when it assembles, will confirm him in his position.

THE King of Greece on Tuesday visited a shop in Piccadilly where the wines of his country are sold. We are glad to find any encouragement given to the introduction of these pure vintages, which are far superior to most of the horrible compounds sold under the name of port and sherry by "old-established wine merchants." Miss Bremer was one of the first to commend the St. Elie and Patras, and the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contained an article strongly in their favour. We can easily understand the King of Greece going, as a relief, to taste the juice of the grape, after being treated during his stay here to genuine Spanish sherry made in Hamburg and improved in London.

RAILWAY companies seem to be most inimical to the respectability of such members of the medical profession as are brought into contact with them. Not very long since, public attention was invited to the ease with which medical testimony was to be procured for the purpose of exaggerating injuries arising from railway accidents, and unduly increasing the damages to which the suffering passenger was entitled; and this week we have the report of a case which affords a fresh instance of that practice of medical negotiation which has so frequently called forth expressions of strong condemnation. In the month of November, 1864, Mrs. Hand, the plaintiff in the action we refer to, was a third-class passenger on the Midland Railway Company's line, and, the train in which she was travelling having run into some trucks, the poor woman received a violent blow on the head, and was thrown upon the floor of the carriage insensible. Mr. Day, the medical officer of the company, was requested to see Mrs. Hand, and, it is said, was afforded the fullest opportunities of making himself acquainted with the nature of her injuries. Whilst he was in attendance upon her, it appears that he was endeavouring to induce her to take a sum of £211 by way of compensation, and this sum she ultimately accepted, in consequence, as it was alleged, of Mr. Day's assurance that her injuries were cured, and that she would completely recover in a few weeks. For a time Mrs. Hand seems to have progressed favourably, but her sufferings afterwards became more acute, paralysis was gradually creeping on, and she is now said to be powerless. The Company, having been applied to, refused to make any further compensation, and the jury returned a verdict against them for £300 in addition to the £211 paid by Mr. Day. It is but right to mention that, although the jury found that there had been misrepresentation on the part of Mr. Day, they did not say that there had been anything fraudulent in his conduct. This case discloses a state of things that ought to be most vigorously suppressed. Medical men go about among people almost dying from these injuries, frequently in want, and always ready to place an undue amount of reliance upon what their attendant may say to them, and take advantage of their professional position to make bargains for the powerful corporations who employ them. We are surprised that any member of a liberal profession should stoop to so despicable a practice, and, if railways were not so unduly represented in the House of Commons, we should hope to see the Legislature declare such arrangements as that in Mrs. Hand's case to be utterly void. As it is, we hope that public opinion may have some effect in inducing the companies to abandon a most discreditable course of action.

ALTHOUGH you can be buried by a joint-stock company in London with the utmost economy and despatch, and get a snug lying for at least a year out of the track of an underground railway, in France the spirit of commercial association is still more cultivated, and sports of the forest are reduced to a system. M. Pertuiset, the lion killer, has it appears a preserve of lions in Algiers, and invites gentlemen from all parts of the world to accompany him on an expedition "to fire upon in broad daylight the king of animals." The bill of game fare of M. Pertuiset, beside the *pièce de résistance* of lion, includes porcupines and tiger-cats as *entrées*, so that a gentleman glutted with lion might bag an occasional porcupine for a change. M. Pertuiset furnishes drawings for the uniforms of the lion slayers, and conducts the voyage, after the manner of Mr. Cook, for a lump sum. "Director commanding the expedition, M. Pertuiset," who "will always make it a pleasure to occupy alone

the more dangerous post." A special correspondent goes with the camp, and the exploits will be duly published by a "widely circulated Paris paper." The Xenophon of this Anabasis will have a hard time of it, especially when "the presence of lions is discovered in the neighbourhood of the encampment." We can imagine the disputes of the united Gordon Cummings touching their respective operations on the flushing of a covey or so of lions, for M. Pertuiset speaks of those animals as if they were to be driven up like partridge or a pack of grouse. We should recommend the valiant promoter of this scheme to engage Ernest Griset as artist to the concern. In the "Hatchet-throwers," that gentleman has managed to impart an expression of contempt and irony to the back and front view of a lion, which might be repeated with point and effect as typical of the great lion-slaying expedition.

MR. MILL and Mr. Bright have written to Mr. Beales, encouraging that gentleman in the maintenance of the League. Mr. Bright is not satisfied with anything short of the ballot; Mr. Mill thinks the League might profitably employ itself in promoting the registration of the Liberals who will become entitled to the suffrage under the new Reform Act. The League is a questionable good. Although its promoters may be honest men enough, it certainly should not outlast for an hour the grievances it seeks to redress; and the longer it sticks together the greater the danger of its becoming an organized menace of a kind which may ultimately drive the Tories a second time into fits of splenetic and impotent opposition. That it has helped the cause of Reform there is no doubt; but Mr. Beales should know when to stop. It speaks well for him that he appears to consult such men as Mr. Mill upon the movements of his parliament.

In connection with the article "A Tory Trades' Union," we should mention the savage fighting which took place between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants at Loughbrickland. This ruffianism is the practical effect of the performances of the Rev. Dr. Drew and his kind. In addition to his speech we learn from a report in the *Belfast Northern Whig*, that the learned divine favoured his audience with a song:—

"O Sandy-row, O Sandy-row,
My heart is thine where'er I go."

Such was the burden of the touching ditty. We thought that a minister of religion was supposed to elevate his mind to quite a different quarter from that of "Sandy-row;" but perhaps the Rev. Dr. Drew knows what is best for himself and his congregation. The paradise in which the Rev. Dr. Drew has fixed his affections unalterably is, we believe, the head-quarters of Orangeism and bigotry.

A CASE which was tried before Mr. Justice Lush at the Leeds Assizes, on Tuesday, offers a striking example of some of the results which one might expect to see attending upon that free trade in criminal prosecutions which our judicial system fosters. An attorney and his clerk were charged with conspiring to cheat the treasurer of the West Riding of York of sums of money alleged to have been the expenses of witnesses attending the Quarter Sessions of the district. The attorney was acquitted upon the confession of the clerk, who acknowledged himself to be alone guilty, and who seems to have pursued a rather lengthened career of successful swindling. The system was one of the most simple description. To the names of the witnesses who had actually appeared and given evidence the clerk either wrote himself, or induced the attorney to write, those of purely fictitious persons. He then obtained payment of his master's bill of costs, paying away the expenses of the real witnesses, and pocketing those of the fictitious ones. As long as we permit the detection of crime to remain a field of private enterprise, instead of being the duty of a public prosecutor, we cannot hope to avoid the irregularities and abuses necessarily incident to such a system; but surely it is possible to find better paymasters of witnesses than the clerks of attorneys practising in criminal courts.

"A. de H." writes to the *Daily Telegraph*, and referring to a leader on grouse-shooting in our contemporary, says:—

"The subject of how birds fall, after having been shot, is an interesting one for the physiologist, and Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., in his concluding lecture delivered before Sir Thomas Watson and others, in June last, asked those who were sportsmen to observe how their birds fell, and to note where they were wounded. Some birds pitch forward like your old cock, others dart upwards, whilst many

perform gyrations backwards, these various movements depending, according to the doctor, on the part of the brain injured. For instance, if the balance of nerve-power be destroyed either by a shot or by freezing the back part of the brain, the cerebellum, then the power resident in other parts of the brain, having nothing to antagonize it, produces an involuntary movement backwards, which amounts even to somersaults, if the bird be on foot; but if it be in the air, then, whilst descending, it will turn over and over again backwards until it reaches the ground. Birds shot either through the brain or spinal cord perform many involuntary movements, which, if noted by an intelligent sportsman in connection with the part injured, might afford considerable information to the physiologist."

In practice, at least, we are satisfied that birds which perhaps ought to fall upon scientific principles, drop not so much out of respect to theory as in deference to their own peculiar characteristics. Snipes, partridges, and pheasants, when shot in the head, all tumble in a different fashion. The snipe turns right over, the bill towards the ground; the partridge somersaults after sometimes "towering" in a wild gyration; the pheasant comes on its side, and will be found in that position. Golden plover carry off large quantities of shot, and yet it is easy for a sportsman to know when they are hit fatally by a peculiar sailing flight which is abruptly closed by a collapse of the wings. Wild duck, if shot at point blank distance in the body, will shiver, and remain suspended for a few seconds in the air, and then roll backwards. Hares (which may be included in a physiological game-bag), when struck in the head at a long range, will twist round and round, and even run for half a minute in concentric circles.

GUIDE-BOOKS are generally amusing, but the funniest of them must give way to a production which has recently been published in Paris, and professes to teach the Portuguese how to converse in English. In his preface, the author gives expression to the hopes he has formed with respect to his work—"We expect, then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly." "The youth" has then presented for his instruction the following interesting narrative:—"One-eyed was laied against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. 'I had gain, over said the one-eyed; why I see you two eyes, and you not look me who one;' and he is afterwards exercised in all the difficulties of English dialogue:—"Do you compose without doubt also some small discourses in English?" "Not yet i don't make that some exercises." "Do you speak English alwais?" "Sometimes; though I flay it yet." "You jest, you does express you self very well." The Portuguese who has gone through a complete course of instruction from this manual, must be a person of very agreeable conversation.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE one hundred and forty-fourth meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, commenced in the cathedral of the first-named city on Tuesday morning; the performances conducted, as they have been for many years past, by Mr. G. Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral.

These festivals, triennial as regards each of the cathedral cities just named, but annual in their recurrence as to the assembling of the united choirs, seldom offer any feature of special novelty or interest. With the exception of Herr Schachner's oratorio, "Israel's Return from Babylon," given at the Worcester Festival of 1863, there has been little for many years past in the shape of novelty to distinguish one year's meeting from another. The present occasion, however, is an exception; a new sacred pastoral, entitled "Ruth," having been expressly composed for the festival by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Of this work, prepared for the performance of Thursday morning, we must defer our notice until next week. Meantime, we have to speak of the first two days' performances, commencing with that on Tuesday morning (in the cathedral), when the programme included the overture to Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment" ("Die Letzten Dinge"); the same composer's setting of Milton's version of the 84th psalm, a Cathedral Anthem by Dr. Wesley, and Handel's "Israel in Egypt." Here were both quantity and variety,—the performance extending over nearly four hours, and the music involving the extreme contrast of Spohr's exquisite grace and refinement with the sublime and awful grandeur of Handel's colossal (perhaps his greatest) choral work; besides the somewhat composite style of Dr. Wesley's excellent anthem. Spohr's Psalm, produced by the London Sacred Harmonic Society in 1847, when the composer was engaged to conduct three of their concerts, contains some charming writing, in that flowing and gracious manner which characterizes most of the composer's music, both secular and sacred; the distinction between which styles is seldom sufficiently marked in the works of one who is always

refined, frequently impressive, but seldom sublime. The introductory chorus, "How lovely are Thy dwellings," is a beautiful piece of flowing choral melody, but it might have belonged to a scene in its composer's "Zemire und Azor," or any other of his operas. An incidental soprano solo, "My soul doth long," sung with much refinement of expression by Miss Edith Wynne, leads to a resumption of the first graceful choral movement. The chorus "Happy who in Thy house reside" is written with masterly power, but the jubilant expression is of a secular rather than a sacred character. The quartet for solo voices, "Lord God of Hosts," is a graceful piece of writing, with much of that over-elaboration of chromatic harmony in which Spohr so frequently indulges to excess. The fugal writing in the final chorus, on the phrase "That man is truly blest," is free and unembarrassed, but with that absence of varied power of treatment which is generally felt in Spohr's attempts at contrapuntal writing. The whole work, however, is full of beauty in its vocal writing, and is enhanced by those rich orchestral effects, in the instrumental accompaniments, of which Spohr was so consummate a master. We are thankful to the Hereford Festival Directors for the opportunity of hearing a work which should not have been so long neglected in London, although it must be admitted that its secular tone fits it more for performance in a concert-room than in an ecclesiastical edifice. Dr. Wesley's anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord," is one of a collection of similar works by the same composer, written for use in the cathedral service, with organ accompaniment, and instrumented for the orchestra by Dr. Wesley for performance at the last Gloucester Festival, the composer being organist of the cathedral there. There is so much excellent writing in the anthem referred to that it is matter of regret that Dr. Wesley has not cultivated composition in a wider field than that of cathedral music. The first chorus of the anthem, with its alternation of bold passages of choral harmony and recitative, the graceful and flowing quartet, "O worship the Lord" (occasionally a little reflective of Spohr's melodic phrases), the masterly counterpoint in the chorus, "As for the Gods of the Heathen," the clear and noble simplicity of the chorale-like movement, "As for our God," the exquisite melodic phrase, "Ye are the blessed of the Lord," running through the last chorus (thoroughly secular though it be), all serve to place Dr. Wesley's anthem in remarkable and honourable contrast with most of the English music to which we have been accustomed of late years. The vocal solos were admirably sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, Misses Edith Wynne and Julia Elton, and Madame Patey Whytock. The choruses in this, as in the other performances of the morning, were extremely well sung, with firmness, precision, brightness of tone, and true intonation. Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with Mr. Macfarren's accompaniments, as performed at the Norwich Festival of last year, closed the morning's performances—the principal soprano and tenor solos magnificently sung by Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Sims Reeves, the other solo singers being Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey Whytock, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss. The oratorio was throughout very satisfactorily given, the whole performance (with the exception of Dr. Wesley's anthem, directed by himself) having been very steadily and carefully conducted by Mr. Townshend Smith, the organist of Hereford Cathedral, who has so acted for more than twenty years past; and who, moreover, fills the office of honorary secretary of the Festival. The first miscellaneous concert, held in the Shire Hall, on Tuesday evening, calls for little special comment. Mozart's Symphony in D (that with the minuet) and Mendelssohn's overture "Melusine" were the orchestral pieces; a miscellaneous vocal selection having been performed by Mdlle. Tietjens, Misses Edith Wynne and Julia Elton, Madame Patey Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss—the instrumental solo of the evening being Mr. Henry Blagrove's excellent performance of Beethoven's romance for violin. Mr. Townshend Smith conducted the orchestral performances, and Dr. Wesley, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, played the pianoforte accompaniment to those pieces which required it. On Wednesday morning, "Elijah" was given in the cathedral—the principal soprano solos being divided between Madame Lind-Goldschmidt and Mdlle. Tietjens—each artist singing with that combined brilliancy and fervour which have on other occasions characterized their performance of the same music. Mr. Sims Reeves (who was to have sung in the second part of the oratorio) not being able to appear, was most efficiently replaced by Mr. Montem Smith, who sang all the tenor solos with much feeling and expression. The other principal vocalists were Misses Edith Wynne and Julia Elton, Madame Patey Whytock, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss. The choruses were extremely well sung, and the oratorio altogether was very effectively performed.

The promenade concerts which have been given for several years past at the Royal Italian Opera-house, under the direction of the late Mr. Alfred Mellon, were resumed on Thursday week, under the direction of Mr. J. Russell, who has engaged Signor Bottesini (the celebrated solo double-bass player) to conduct the classical music, and Herr Johann Strauss (son of the celebrated waltz composer) to direct the dance music. The orchestra is as good as it has usually been at these concerts, that is to say, excellent, and the overtures are most effectively given under the steady and skilled conducting of Signor Bottesini, while Herr Strauss, who plays the first violin part as well as conducts, imparts the true piquancy and brilliancy to his own spirited dance music. Some pianoforte playing by Mr. Wehli in the most demonstrative executive school, and some vocal solos cleverly sung by Mdlle. Eracleo and Mdlle. Sarolta, with other attractions, contributed to vary the programmes of the concerts of last week.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK has revived Mr. Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match" at the Haymarket, the piece in which she originally appeared, and produced an effect that she has never surpassed.

Drury Lane has closed, after a most successful season with "The Great City;" and in the autumn Mr. Chatterton promises a revival of "Faust," and a new version of "Marino Faliero," by Mr. Bayle Bernard, in which Byron will be combined with Casimir Delavigne.

The Princess's has closed after Mr. Vezin's short but successful lease with "The Man o' Airlie," and it will not be reopened until near the end of September, when Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault will reappear in "Arrah na Pogue." After "Arrah na Pogue" has had its second run, Mr. Boucicault's new drama—an English subject with a prominent Irish character, played, of course, by the author—will be introduced.

Last autumn Miss Amy Sedgwick made an experiment at Drury Lane in the character of Lady Macbeth, and this autumn Mrs. Hermann Vezin is going to repeat the experiment.

Miss Madge Robertson, the sister of Mr. T. Robertson, the dramatist, has been engaged by Mr. Buckstone for a long period for the Haymarket Theatre.

The rumour that "Evans's" singing and supper-room in Covent-garden is about to be converted into a theatre is unfounded, as the ground landlord has placed a veto in the lease against any such arrangement. The same veto is the real cause why women are not admitted to this room, and the place turned into an ordinary music-hall.

Mr. Webster, aroused at last, has made an engagement with Messrs. Grieve and Telbin to supply scenery for the Adelphi Theatre. The house will be thoroughly cleaned during the autumn. Mr. Webster promises to appear himself on the re-opening of the house. Miss Kate Terry is still giving her "farewell performances" at this theatre, and next week she will appear as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

The new theatre in Long Acre, late St. Martin's Hall, will, we believe, be called "The Queen's Theatre." Mr. J. L. Toole will go there at Christmas on a short "starring engagement," with a new three-act drama written for him by Mr. H. J. Byron. The stock company will include Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Addison, Mr. L. Brough, and Mr. Dominick Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan, the lessees, will of course play the leading business, and there is every prospect that the theatre will be managed with sense and refinement.

The Surrey Theatre will re-open on Saturday, September 7, with a new melodrama by Mr. Watts Phillips, the scenery being by Mr. William Calcott.

Messrs. Benjamin Webster, Alfred Wigan, Tom Taylor, Stirling Coyne, and William Brough, representing the English Dramatic Authors' Society, have seconded their petition by waiting upon Lord Stanley, and urging a modification of Article IV. of the Literary Convention between England and France, so as to preserve the rights of French dramatists in this country. This is a proper and dignified proceeding, and ought to be successful.

St. George's Hall, Langham-place, which is a duly licensed theatre, will probably be turned into an English comic opera-house during the winter.

The Holborn will reopen with a new gaming drama by Mr. T. Robertson, and a burlesque on the subject of "Don César de Bazan," by Mr. F. C. Burnand. Mr. Sefton Parry has let his Greenwich Theatre to Mr. Mowbray, of the New Royalty, who will open it with the popular burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," a bold venture for a naval town.

Astley's Theatre is still in the market, and Mr. E. T. Smith's Christmas programme at the Lyceum is still uncertain.

We understand Mr. Clarence Holt has written a drama from M. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," which will be produced in the provinces previous to being performed before a London audience.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE food for infants which was introduced into this country by Baron Liebig about two years ago, and which is intended as a substitute for mother's milk, has had its merits recently discussed in the French Academy. In the course of the controversy M. Depaul stated that four healthy children, fed exclusively with Liebig's food, were destroyed by it. This fact seems startling when we consider how generally the "food for infants" is employed in this country, and we are therefore glad to find that Baron Liebig and others have adduced evidence to show that the artificial milk was carelessly prepared, and that the injurious action of the food in the instances referred to was attributable to the presence of husks of bran used in promoting fermentation. The details of the mode of preparation, and of the sources of error, are fully given by Herr P. Pfeuffer, in an article entitled "Liebig's Suppe für Säuglinge," in *Aerztliches Intelligenz-Blatt*, No. 31.

An economical method of preparing oxygen has been devised by M. T. de Motay, which, if it prove as practically efficient as it is cheap, it is likely to facilitate various chemical operations, the substance from which the gas is obtained is manganate of soda, and this M. Motay expects to be able to sell to the trade at about fourpence per kilogramme. Fifty kilogrammes of manganate give,

according to calculation, no less than 400 to 450 litres of oxygen per hour.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris on Monday last (19th), M. Ozanam described an instrument which is an improved form of the spymograph, the apparatus employed in registering the movements of the heart and pulse. The improvement which M. Ozanam has suggested, consists in adopting a photographic method of recording those singular curves or waves which, by the spymograph, indicates the peculiar conditions of the heart in health and disease.

In the course of his experiments on the easiest methods of detecting the presence of ozone in the atmosphere, Admiral Bérigny has found that protoxide of thallium is about the most delicate test for ozone that can be employed. Ordinary oxygen appears to have little action on this oxide, but ozone instantly converts it into peroxide, which, by its brown colour, reveals the action of the ozone. There is one practical objection to the employment of the test, and that is, that carbonic acid, which is abundantly present in all air, blackens the oxide at once, and thus prevents the observer from seeing the action of the ozone.

Our contemporary, the *Chemical News*, thinks that universal exhibitions are not such modern ideas as are often supposed. Seneca evidently alludes to a somewhat similar mode of displaying industrial progress. "I was present the other day at a solemn exhibition of the wealth of Rome, where I saw statues which were marvels, perfect masterpieces; exquisite stuffs and draperies, and costumes brought from countries even beyond the Roman frontiers."

A hospital physician, writing to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, gives the following account of his scale of dietary as an argument against teetotallers. The writer says he is as active as most men, driving daily ten miles, walking during three hours, and working very hard for about six hours daily at head work. His daily diet, irrespective of fermented liquors, consists of two eggs, three ounces of milk, a third of a pound of cooked meat, one potato the size of an egg, two ounces of bread, a trifling amount of butter and sugar, and an ounce of cheese, in all about fifteen ounces per day. Upon such a diet he has lived for many years, and he asks whether any teetotaller can do the same, taking tea, coffee, and water *ad libitum*. "If not, seeing that the writer's only other diet is light wine, he must allow that alcohol is food."

The International Botanical Congress was held at Paris on the 16th inst. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Imperial Society of Horticulture, and was presided over by M. Alphonse de Candolle. Almost every European country was represented.

The commission for the award of the French Academy's prizes in Physiology for 1867 has been named. It includes:—MM. Longet, Milne Edwards, Ch. Robin, Cl. Bernard, and De Quatrefages.

M. Milne Edwards and M. Grandidier have just published a very fine memoir upon that peculiar carnivorous animal, *Cryptoprocta ferox* of Madagascar. This creature, which was first described by our British zoologist Bennett, has for some years been a puzzle to naturalists, owing to the circumstance that Bennett's specimens being those of the young animal, the teeth were not sufficiently developed to admit of a reliable diagnosis of the creature's true affinities. The question, however, is now set at rest by the authors of the present memoir. They have described the anatomical characters of the *Cryptoprocta* very minutely, and their conclusion is that the species is not closely allied to the *Viverride*. On the contrary, as it is a plantigrade animal (one walking on the flat of the foot, and not on its extremity), allied to the *Felide*, this family should be divided into two groups of *plantigrade* and *digitigrade*, and the *Cryptoprocta* should stand alone in the former group. The only objection to this plan is, that the terms are already employed to divide the whole order *Carnivora*.

M. Duméril has again been experimenting on the Axolotl, but this time with a view to see whether the metamorphose of the animals might not be hastened by artificial means. He has proved that this is so, and his researches will be read with interest by those who engage in the study of experimental physiology.

The wax which is formed by certain species of the Cochineal insect has long engaged the attention of naturalists, and has now been carefully examined by M. Targioni-Tozzetti. The peculiarity of this wax by which it differs from the substance secreted by the bee, is that it contains a very considerable proportion of ceroline.

The controversy concerning the discovery of the law of gravitation does not seem likely to be soon over. At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on Monday, a very fierce discussion took place between MM. Chasles and Le Verrier. The latter thinks the documents produced by the former are spurious. The former alleges that he has several hundred letters of Montesquieu, Mallebranche, and Labruyère, which confirm those of Pascal fully.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE holidays having now fairly commenced, business in all departments of trade is at a complete standstill. It is remarked that on the Stock Exchange the attendance of members is even more limited than usual at this period of the year, and that the general transactions are of scarcely any importance. It may in

fact be said that as regards foreign bonds and railway stocks prices are almost entirely regulated by the speculative movements of the day. The public funds on the whole are firm, chiefly from the regular investments by the Government broker for the Sinking Fund. On the other hand, it is surmised that a material advance would probably have taken place, but that it has been checked by the realizations of the unfortunate shareholders in Overend, Gurney, & Co., who have been obliged to sell in order to meet the recent call. It is evident, however, that the supply of unemployed capital is large, and a certain class of investments are in good demand, particularly Indian guaranteed securities and colonial debentures. The purchases of the former description have latterly been so numerous that there is practically no stock in the market. The public continue to manifest the greatest apathy for banking and other miscellaneous shares, and the transactions in this department are therefore unimportant. The distrust caused by the events of the past two years appears to be still far from removal. No one cares to embark in a joint-stock company, no matter how good its past career or future prospects, and the existing proprietors seem only deterred from selling by the fact that no one is inclined to buy except at a price that will entail upon the original holder a considerable loss. Investors are, with better reason, equally chary of taking up foreign bonds. A new loan has no chance of success, and this is thoroughly understood by the inveterate borrowers who year after year come forward on our markets with fresh proposals. People are beginning to ask the question where do all these enormous sums go to; and the more they strive to find an answer, the less satisfactory it turns out to be. Spain has recently brought forward an ostentatious scheme for arranging the Passive and Certificate debts, but it was accompanied, as was pretty nearly certain, by a proposed fresh issue of bonds. The scheme will for this reason probably fall through, as every one would prefer trusting to some vague chance of getting their claims recognised at a future period rather than adopt a plan which entailed the throwing of good money after bad. Of other countries we hear nothing.

In the discount market there is no lack in the supply of money. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent., but in Lombard-street $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. is the usual charge, while many transactions take place at $1\frac{1}{2}$. On the Stock Exchange it is difficult to place loans at even the nominal price of 1 per cent. The Bank yesterday made no alteration in their minimum, nor was any expected. This time last year a reduction took place from 8 per cent., at which it had been fixed in the previous week, to 7. Specie continues to arrive, chiefly from Australia, the amounts from New York having lately somewhat fallen off. At the same time the foreign exchanges are firm, so that whatever comes here will probably be retained. A slightly increased demand has been manifested for shipments of silver to the East, but it is comparatively unimportant, and has attracted little attention.

The harvest is, of course, the principal topic of the day. Opinions differ as to whether the yield will be above, below, or about an average. As often happens those who take an adverse view are in the ascendancy. There are so many people whose interest it is to keep up prices that it is not extraordinary for unfavourable features to be brought prominently forward, while anything calculated to lower the quotations in Mark-lane is disregarded or explained away as much as possible. In these cases it is useless to trust to mere reports. The best way is to look solely at the state of the corn market, and judge accordingly. Taking this criterion we may expect, if not over-abundant, at least satisfactory crops. The price has not indeed fallen, but the late thunderstorms have failed to cause any material rise. A few days will now decide the question one way or the other.

It is encouraging to notice that railway securities are advancing in popular estimation, and that even bankers and other capitalists, whose timidity is proverbial, are once more showing a desire to take up the investments. For a long time debentures and preference stocks were especially in demand for banking account, and the supply a few years ago was far below the demand. It was, indeed, almost impossible, without waiting for months, to employ £100,000 in this manner. The scandal of the past year then caused a reaction, and preference stocks became for a time absolutely unsaleable. The tide has again turned, and these securities are now sought by the identical parties who, a little while ago, refused to take them at a heavy depreciation. If excess of confidence is bad, utter want of confidence is equally mischievous. It is, therefore, an encouraging feature of the day to find that the great moneyed interests of the country are no longer giving way to blind distrust, but are prepared to assist for all reasonable purposes the most important industrial undertakings in the kingdom.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BUNSEN'S EGYPT'S PLACE.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

BUNSEN'S second and more daring enterprise, the determination by means of the examination of their language, of the place of the Egyptians in primæval history, especially with reference to the Shemites and the Indo-Europeans, is far more difficult than his first. The materials, indeed, are more abundant and better defined, but they require more delicate handling, and the problem to be solved is one of far greater difficulty. The comparison of languages is the main method of its solution; Bunsen has, however, thought it desirable to support or check it by a similar examination of historical, traditional, and mythical data, bearing or supposed to bear on the primæval history of man. To the principal comparison we shall mainly confine ourselves, as it claims the chief attention and cannot be considered except at some length.

Comparative philology, like most new sciences, is apt to be misused. Now that it has been discovered that languages can be classed in great groups, and that their relation within these groups is marked by certain phonetic laws, it is natural that comparative philologists should hope to gain some clue to the period occupied by the growth of each member of the families, and then of the families themselves; but it is a question whether this hope is not wholly illusory. We know that the circumstances of a nation, its habits, and geographical position, affect the rapidity with which divergence is developed, and it becomes very doubtful whether we can even speculate on the time needed for the growth of the languages of nations, the civilization and even position of which during this period we do not accurately know or indeed in some cases know at all. Yet the more obscure the subject, the more daring the theorist, and to this rule Bunsen forms no exception. Had he confined himself to endeavouring to establish the relation of Egyptian to other languages or families of language he would have been contented with a legitimate problem: instead of this, he has insisted on discovering the place of Egyptian and of every marked family or development, as he would call it, of speech in a vast chronological scale, with which it is hard to think he himself was satisfied. We shall endeavour in our remarks to separate the legitimate problem from the extension of it we condemn, and with this object shall first speak of the philological place of Egyptian.

Bunsen deserves the credit of having brought together the best materials hitherto published for the study of ancient Egyptian. In the portions written by himself he has shown a competent acquaintance with the results of Champollion's system, and a thoroughly scientific method of handling them, so far as simple, not comparative, philology is concerned. In the contributions of Dr. Birch he has had the aid of one of the best Egyptologists, who has laboured for years on the Dictionary and Grammar and Translation of the Book of the Dead given in vol. v., and is thus the author of one of the most important philological portions of the work. We could wish that this labour had been executed by more methodical hands. Here we have the fullest and the most concise apparatus for the study of ancient Egyptian, and yet the want of clearness and arrangement is so great that we fear beginners will fly to Brugsch or De Rouge, and forgive them their unreasonable diffuseness because they are lucid and methodical. In the Dictionary clearness would have been gained by grouping together different hieroglyphic forms of the same root, instead of placing them separately, each with the meaning proved in the case of that particular form. Thus we find *khenems*, "relationship, or function, tutor;" *khenems*, "relationship, or function, tutor;" then three groups reading *khenem*, and out of place, and *khenems*, "title, function, tutor;" *khenems*, "title, function." Had the different forms been placed together, it might have been possible to have given them consistent and clear meanings. We also greatly regret the absence of the Coptic equivalents, for we cannot yet afford to kick away the ladder by which we had climbed up to our present knowledge. The danger of abandoning Coptic may be easily shown. We find a word which, when read, presents exactly the radical letters of a Coptic word, the sense of which fits its use. After a time we find we have read this word incorrectly, and must abandon the Coptic equivalent. If we have omitted to place the Coptic word by the Egyptian, we are apt to retain the signification of the former when its identity has been disproved. The Grammar is unsatisfactory in the arrangement of its details, and is disfigured by a strange style, and by needless pedantry. What, for instance, is the advantage of this remark? "The verb 'to be,' represented in the Romanic language by two distinct verbs, is represented in hieroglyphs by three distinct forms" (v. p. 646). The translation of the Book of the Dead is chiefly faulty in its English, and we cannot but regret that the difficult task of bringing the remarkable document before English readers has fallen into the hands of one who does not soften its harsh style. What can we say for such phrases as "living off," "I feed off," "I have made road." "Oh the very tall hill in Hades," no one of which is English, or even Egyptian. These faults are much to be regretted, as they injure the value of the best dictionary and grammar yet published, and of the great achievement of Dr. Birch, the translation of the Book of the Dead, by all of which he has rendered a truly important service to Egyptology. Here then we have the best means for the compara-

tive work Bunsen attempted, some part of which unhappily he did not live to use.

The comparison of Egyptian with Semitic was in a position which we shall endeavour to define before Bunsen attempted to carry it further and to add a comparison of the former with Indo-European. It was well known that though the Egyptian roots were monosyllabic, wholly or for the most part, yet the pronouns, both isolated and affixed to nouns and verbs and used for indicating the persons of verbs, were identical with the Semitic. So far is clear enough. But Bunsen, wishing to prove the complete identity of Egyptian with Semitic, as indeed nothing but an older stage of the languages of the Semitic group, is not contented without an agreement of roots. To prove this he gives in the fifth volume a comparative glossary of Egyptian and Semitic, adding to the latter, Iranian roots, and also a comparison of old Egyptian and Semitic roots, the second by Professor Dietrich. These two lists strangely associated are of very different merits. The first is a headstrong attempt to prove a foregone conclusion, the second a systematic and learned juxtaposition of Egyptian and Semitic roots which are seemingly identical. It is utterly useless to attempt any comparison of languages without a theory of the phonetic laws regulating their relation, and Bunsen makes this impossible by taking as his basis the Coptic sounds. Thus under one head he has the Coptic *s* equivalent to the Semitic *ss* (hard *s*), *s*, and *sh*, and under another the Coptic *ts* equivalent to the Semitic *z*, *s*, *sh*, *h*, *h* (whatever these last two letters may mean), and the first Coptic letter equivalent to the old Egyptian *s*, the latter to the old Egyptian *s* and *sh*, so that the relation of the two ancient languages is regulated by the modern form of one of them! Professor Dietrich's labour is far more satisfactory, but it wonderfully reduces the number of correspondences, the whole number of Egyptian roots being about the same as Bunsen gives under a single letter. We must reduce Dietrich's list by what are obviously borrowed from Semitic, after the formation of the Egyptian language, and by names of objects or animals that would probably be so borrowed by the Shemites or Egyptians; but even in its full extent it is not sufficient to prove the radical identity of the languages.

But though it is difficult to prove the identity of the roots of the two languages, the identity of the most important elements of their grammar is unquestionable, and upon this, perhaps, Bunsen would have been content to base his philological theory, had he not been sanguine enough to believe he could carry the identity from grammar to vocabulary. At present we must found our reasoning upon the fact that the Egyptian pronouns, as already mentioned, are clearly Semitic. How is this to be explained? Bunsen insists that Egyptian is really old Semitic; others assert that their distinction is so marked that Egyptian must have borrowed its pronouns from Semitic to fill up its primitive deficiencies. The main arguments are simply these. Is there any other instance of a language which borrows its grammar from one source, its vocabulary from another? If all languages spring from a single origin what more natural than that one of the oldest we know should actually mark the transition from the rudimentary monosyllabism of Nigritian to the complicated inflexion of Semitic, crystallized as it were at the moment of transition. Bunsen's opponents may reply by asking whether our knowledge of language is sufficient to isolate the case of Egyptian, if it is conjectured to be a stationary language; that the hypothesis of one origin must be proved before it is laid down as an axiom; and that the exceptional case of a language finally crystallized in a moment of transition is quite as daring an hypothesis as that Egyptian is mixed. The probabilities on each side are balanced by the fact that each party requires the concession of an isolated case in the phenomena of language. Bunsen and his supporters have to account for this extraordinary arrest of development, their opponents have to account for the marvel of a manifestly mixed language. Neither can show a parallel case. Stationary languages there may be, and languages of mixed roots there undoubtedly are, but the stationary languages do not show an arrest between two groups, as between Turanian proper and Iranian or Iranian and Semitic; nor do the languages of mixed roots show a mixture of grammar and vocabulary pointing to two independent origins from different families. The case being thus balanced, it has become necessary to look outside the main line of argument for collateral support for the two theories, and we would beg the reader to observe that in doing so Bunsen forces the facts, whereas his opponents are driven back by the facts to their hypothesis. Bunsen, having determined that Egyptian stands directly between primitive Turanian, by which term he understands something much wider than Turanian proper, and Semitic, constructs a vast chronological scale of the growth of language, in which the first elements are primitive Turanian, Egyptian, and Semitic.

Semitic scholars in general absolutely refuse to accept this hypothesis. To them the pedigree proposed is simply monstrous. Why, in the first place, should a Semitic migration into Egypt produce a stationary language, and a Semitic stock in Asia develop the same language, which in Egypt is half-Nigritian, in Asia wholly what we ordinarily call Semitic? But allowing that such might be the case, is any length of time enough to explain this prodigious development of Semitic from Egyptian? Bunsen, like a desperate bankrupt, asked for time. He knew well enough that in the limits of any ordinary chronology this development was obviously impossible, and therefore he imagined an enormous period during which he supposed it could have taken place. But if the impossibility is absolute, as there are no degrees in impossibility, this extension of time is worse than useless; it is an unintentional deception. The

* *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. By C. C. J. Bunsen, D.Ph., D.C.L. London: Longmans, 1848-1867, and Vol. I., Second Edition, 1867.

dates proposed by Bunsen—B.C. 15,000 for the inorganic language (Sinism, primitive Chinese); B.C. 10,000 for the complete formation of primitive Turanism, Khamism (Egyptian), forming (v. p. 103), are so vast that we feel that they are the resource of an impracticable theory sheltering itself behind a series of impossibilities. For Semitic scholars will reply that a scale with Chinese at one end and Hebrew at the other, Egyptian being placed between as the connecting link, is simply incredible, without reference to any idea of its length. Bunsen's opponents, though their case by itself is not any stronger perhaps than his, are able to fortify it by collateral facts of great significance. Egypt, they say, lies between the homes of the Shemites and of the Nigritians. Still Arabs and races allied to the blacks are its close neighbours. The Egyptian race is partly Shemite, partly Nigritian; marked by the leading characteristics of the Shemites, yet notwithstanding the constant influx of Shemite blood, with strong indications of Negro influence. It is clear from the monuments that the tendency to the Negro type was anciently stronger. The old religion of the Egyptians presents the same mixed characteristics. Its main features are cosmic worship mixed with the lowest fetishism, the religions of the heathen Shemites and of the Nigritians. It is strange that the physical type and the religion should point to a double origin, and that the like evidence in the language should be disregarded.

We have, as we anticipated, but little space for the minor questions Bunsen discusses in connection with this great problem. We can scarcely do more than state their heads. His object is to test and confirm his main theory by the examination of chronological, historical, traditional, and mythological evidence bearing upon it. Of the portions relating to Scripture chronology and history we have little to say. They are not, as many English scholars have supposed, intentionally sceptical, for Bunsen, though a very speculative critic, was not a rationalist; yet his conjectures can only lead either to scepticism, or to that extremely fanciful interpretation that seems hereditary in his family. Bunsen's investigation of the Chinese chronology and of the Assyrian and Babylonian are interesting, but we doubt their novelty or certainty. His examination of the Vêndidad and of the Indian data for the remote history of the Arians is far less satisfactory, for in these cases he is endeavouring to extract chronological and historical information from data wholly or generally mythical. We are even less disposed to agree with his comparisons of mythologies and heathen cosmogonies. In all these inquiries his fatal habit of forcing facts is apparent. He has fixed on a period during which the one language of mankind was inorganic, and another during which it was only beginning to separate and had not yet developed the Arian type. Consequently Chinese, Egyptian, Semitic, Arian, must be referred to certain ages in his scale, and it becomes necessary to fit the facts of the history of the races speaking them to those ages.

Bunsen's third problem, the acquisition of a more certain basis for the history of mankind, can only be resolved if this second one is first resolved. With the failure of the solution of the second, that of the third is of course relegated to the domain of impossibilities, where we must admit we are glad to leave it.

We now bring this long notice of Bunsen's second and greater enterprise to a close, with a mixed feeling of admiration and disappointment—admiration for the author's learning, energy, and patience; disappointment at their second and more complete failure; a failure due to the vastness of the scheme and the radical ulcers of Bunsen's mind—his love of theory, hasty theorizing, and fatal confidence in his results—which have made his enormous labour fruitless, and left the most learned and largest minded of Egyptologists without a single follower. Some may defend his philological views, others may think a special chronological speculation worthy of their adhesion, but no one has been found to give him an unqualified support. Yet the failure is a magnificent one, and it will render a great service to Egyptology in showing how large a subject is opened by the study of the monuments of Egypt. Let us reverse the exclusiveness of the old Egyptians, the Chinese of the ancient world, and by their records, shut to all their neighbours, unlock the history of those very neighbours. When that is done, Bunsen's place in the Walhalla of scholarship will be that of the first Egyptologist who dared to have larger ideas than an Egyptian, and who, when he looked at the ancient monuments of Egypt, could not forget that they were the oldest monuments of civilized man—perhaps, indeed, the oldest monuments of the human race.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL.*

THE third volume of the Alpine Journal makes its appearance very appropriately at the present time, when most of us are beginning to turn our thoughts in the direction of holiday enjoyments, and not a few are thinking longingly of those splendid mountain districts, to the topography of which this publication is more immediately devoted. The enthusiastic devotees of "peaks, passes, and glaciers" have no doubt made themselves acquainted with its contents, as the parts of which it is composed appeared; but the general public even of the mountaineering "persuasion" hardly keep themselves so closely read up in the records of Alpine travel; and for them, if not for the members of the Alpine Club, some notices of the papers of which it is composed may possess both interest and novelty. We cannot say that it is, upon the whole, so interesting as the previous volumes. This is, however, not in

any degree due to the falling off in the literary skill and power of the contributors, most of whom still continue to write with the same freshness, vigour, and graphic power, which distinguished these earlier papers. But the truth is that, Switzerland, being after all a limited space, is getting somewhat used up. The highest peaks and the most fascinating passes have now been "done" by some one or other; and although there are even yet portions of the country unexplored, these cannot be expected to offer attractions at all equal to the districts which have hitherto engaged the principal share of attention, chiefly because their natural features are the finest.

The contents of the present volume are not limited to narratives of Alpine exploration; but the latter are, after all, the most attractive, and they certainly have a prescriptive right to priority of notice. The most "sensational" ascent of which we have an account in this volume is undoubtedly that of the Aiguille Verte by Mr. Kennedy. The peak was not then "virgin," because Mr. Whymper had conquered it for the first time a few days before; but as Mr. Kennedy and his companions had no guides who had previously made the ascent their work was just as hard, and their success was quite as honourable, as that of their predecessors. No one who has ever seen from Chamouni the sharp-pointed pyramids of rocks rather than mountains, to which the name of "Aiguilles" is most appropriately given, will under-estimate that difficulty, of which some idea may be gathered by those who have not visited the neighbourhood of Mount Blanc, from the fact that at least twenty attempts had been made by the Chaumoni guides to scale this peak—some of them, no doubt, mere shams, but others really hard tussles with the mountain—before Mr. Whymper succeeded. A still more vivid notion may be gained by the following description of the last stage of the ascent:—

"We climbed up what seemed to be a little spire of rock rising from the ridge—it was, in reality, the end of a level and very sharp section of it; along this we balanced ourselves until a projecting piece of stone caused each in turn to embrace it with his arms whilst his body hung in mid-air over the Montanvert, and a precarious footing was gained on the other side. Then up a little gap from which we could see the two ridges or buttresses of the mountain ascending from the Aiguille du Dru and from Les Droites until they nearly met to form the summit. But our own ridge, which formed the third side, concealed the actual summit, and we began to fear lest some great projection or gap in our ridge, of which the difficulties increased at every step, should cut us off from it. We were evidently very near it, and the sight had a magical effect upon Croz. Advancing along a piece of snow, supported upon a jutting rock at some distance below the ridge, he announced that he could go no further. 'Try the Montanvert side,' called out Hudson, but the Montanvert side did not look inviting to our great guide, for he turned back immediately, and, to my astonishment, prepared to pass below the snow and rock which he could not climb. Hudson and I were sitting in the gap and watching the proceedings. 'Dear sir,' Perren said to me, solemnly, 'that is too dangerous, they will all be killed!' Unaided he slid down a snow-covered rock of most precarious footing, and, stooping, passed round a ledge of slippery rock on which lay piled a great mass of snow with depending icicles. No help or consolation would he give to his followers, but 'Venez seulement,' and up a steep icy corner he went, never looking behind him until he had anchored himself securely on a bit of jutting rock; and thus was performed the most daring feat of mountaineering I ever saw. The air was perfectly still, and the quiet fall every few minutes of portions of snow detached by the sun's heat, gave at this time an almost ominous feeling which every climber must have known once or twice in his mountain life. From the jutting stone the three ascended in soft snow, whilst we waited breathlessly for the result of the adventure; they disappeared over the ridge-top above our heads; five minutes more and a loud cheer announced success. In a few minutes we had followed, and were welcomed by Hodgkinson on the top. 'Voilà, messieurs, l'Aiguille Verte entièrement et complètement,' said Croz, who was almost trembling with excitement; and just as we all stood together to give a cheer and to form a visible group against the sky, a gun, fired from the Flegère, announced our success to the valley of Chamouni."

The only absolutely "first" ascents recorded are those of the highest peak of the Piz Roseg in the Bernina district, by Mr. Walker; and of the Bec de Luseney, near Aosta, by Mr. Adams-Reilly. Neither are of such a character as to induce us to dwell upon them, although it is clear that the latter will be found well worth climbing by any one who may find himself in its neighbourhood. It is a mountain of a singularly symmetrical form, and the view from it is one of great beauty and interest. "The Valpelline mountains, of which it is the highest and most central point, form a foreground of rocky peaks, showing every fantastic shape and every delicate tint which rocks can assume. Beyond these lie the Italian Alps, the Combin, Vêlan, and the chain of peaks which runs westward from the Dent d'Hérens, above which peer the white summits of the Zinal mountains." The ascent, which is made mainly over rocks, appears to present no difficulty of any importance. To that large section of our mountaineering countrymen who make Zermatt their head-quarters during the autumn, it will, however, be more interesting to learn that Mr. Heathcote has succeeded in discovering a new and a very direct pass from Saas to the Simplon. It is a pass in the proper sense of the term, as its discoverer very pointedly observes. That is to say it does not, like some other so-called "passes," lead over the summit of a lofty mountain, or go from places in which no sensible man would ever be in to another to which no sane man would ever care to go." On the contrary, it has a comfortable resting-place at either end, can be traversed in a reasonable day's work, and possesses a view of extraordinary magnificence. From the same well

* The Alpine Journal: a Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by H. B. George, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Vol. III. London: Longmans.

known and active member of the Alpine Club we have also an account of a new pass between Chamouni and Courmayeur, called "the Col de Pierre Joseph;" but it is evident from his description that its passage is a most laborious piece of business, occupying something like seventeen hours, and although the state of the weather when Mr. Heathcote and his guides forced their way over, prevented the formation of a very positive opinion, there seems great reason to doubt whether it has attractions to offer that can at all compensate for the difficulties that must be encountered. Mr. Nichols continues from the previous volume of the "Journal" his account of excursions in the Graians, which appear to be worthy of a good deal more attention than they have hitherto received. The scenery is of a high order, and we gather that the accommodations in the little mountain inns, to which the pedestrian must of course resort, is superior to that which is generally found in the Alpine valleys bordering upon Italy. From Mr. Moore we have a narrative of the ascent of the Tödi, which is interesting as a well-told tale of personal adventure, although it does not add to our stock of Alpine knowledge. Take, as a specimen, the following account of how the writer got up a *cheminée*, and what it led him to:—

"This *cheminée* was the most extraordinary place of the kind I ever was in, being almost perpendicular, and so confined that a good deal of diplomacy had to be used in order to move in it at all. But its most startling features were reserved to the last. Near the top a bigish stone had fallen from above and got jammed, and to advance it was necessary to squeeze through the small passage left between the stone and the back of the gully. Here just for one step the rocks gave no support at all, but there was a lump of old snow (the remains probably of a larger mass) sticking to the cliff, on which, by exercising great contortions of the body, it was possible to rest the foot. Making use of this, Jakob and Walker passed up, and after the former had gone on a little further, and made himself 'fest,' I followed. By a scientific wriggle I reached the snow, and leaning my whole weight on it, was giving the heave up necessary for the next step, when it suddenly gave way and slithered down the rocks. I should have followed suit, so far as the rope would have allowed, but for a curious circumstance. Already during the ascent I had once or twice stuck fast, and now that all support was gone from my feet, I found that—thanks to the bulky load on my back—I was jammed hard and fast between the sides of the *cheminée*; my legs dangled free, but I could not have fallen had I wished to do so. I regret that I am unable to explain by what means I escaped from this remarkable position, and am not hanging there to this day. I have a vague recollection of making frantic exertions, and at last emerging from the hole, when I found Walker standing on a knob of rock, holding on to nothing in particular. The only position available for me was the stone in the mouth of the gully, which had a tendency to 'wobble,' but was really firm enough for all practical purposes, and on it I accordingly perched myself, wondering exceedingly what was going to happen next. Some twelve feet of perfectly vertical rock still intervened between us and the top of the cliffs, and this, immediately over our heads, there was no possibility of scaling without assistance from above. On our left was a rounded ledge, only a few inches wide, leading to a more practical point, along which Jakob had already crept, and now stood adjuring us to follow. Walker looked at me, and I looked at Walker, after which expressive performance we mildly protested. Above the ledge the rock was too smooth to give handhold, while below it was a more absolute precipice than I have often seen. We pointed out to Jakob the objectionable character of the place, but merely got for a reply 'Kommen Sie nur, Sie fallen nicht,' which though consolatory was not convincing. Walker, however, magnanimously resolved to risk the thing, and crawled along to where Jakob was standing, an operation which I did not care to watch. His successful accomplishment of the passage relieved me from the necessity of attempting it, as he and Jakob were then able to climb to the top of the cliffs, and help me straight up from where I was standing."

The same paper contains a description of a portion of the little explored group of mountains near the head of the Vorder Rhein Thal, of which the Rheinwaldhorn is the chief, and which are collectively known as Adula Gebirge. From the Rev. J. J. Hornby we have an account of no fewer than three new passes across the great chain lying between the Eggischhorn and Grindelwald. Two of these seem to be quite within the reach of moderately good mountaineers; the third is evidently difficult and somewhat dangerous.

Turning to the non-Alpine portion of the contents of the volume, we have a capital paper on the Sierra Nevada from Mr. Ormsby. He does not seem to have found pedestrianizing, even in this rather out-of-the-way part of Spain, attended with any of those risks to life or property with which it is generally associated; and although the range of mountains which he partially explored is very far inferior to the Alps in point of grandeur, it appears to be well worth visiting by those who desire to quit the beaten path of European travel. Besides, as it is at no great distance from Grenada, it may be taken with the Alhambra—a tolerably attractive combination. The views from the two highest peaks are singularly fine; while there is one feature in the chain to which it would be difficult to find a parallel elsewhere:—

"It is called the 'corrál,' from a fancied resemblance to the walled inclosure into which cattle are driven at night in this country, and it is an inclosure with only one narrow outlet, shut in by a vast wall of precipice some eight or ten miles in extent, in which the three highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada are points, and which runs round in an almost perfect circle from the north-eastern shoulder of the Veleta to the north-western flank of the Alcazaba. It is as nearly as possible sheer precipice the whole way round; indeed, under the Veleta the mountain seems to be actually undercut; in one or two spots, as well

as I remember, the base cannot be seen on looking down from the top. The depth of the precipice from the summit of Mulhacen I roughly guessed at about 1,500 feet, and something more perhaps measured from the top of the Veleta, for the floor slopes away rapidly to the north; but on looking into Boissier and D'Ottensheim, I find they agree in estimating it at about 2,000 French feet. The floor is partly a jumble of rocks, partly a mass of snow, the most considerable probably in these mountains, and from its northern extremity issues the one glacier of the Sierra Nevada, and the most southerly glacier of Europe. No glacier could have a grander cradle, no mountain stream a bolder or wilder birth-place."

The Rev. Leslie Stephen does his best to make the Eastern Carpathians attractive, and it is certainly no fault of his that we are not much taken with these uninteresting mountains. Of the remaining papers one is a commonplace sort of British tourist's description of an expedition to Norway; while the other two are devoted to expeditions in the Himalayas. Of the latter, that by Mr. Cheetham, giving an account of the Tibetan route from Simla to Srinagar, is full of interest, and is marked by considerable descriptive power; the other may probably be useful as an itinerary to one going the same road, but it will be found rather tedious reading by any one else.

TWO IRISH CHIEFS.*

THERE are certain bye-ways of history that scarcely seem worth exploring. The wiser adventurers have shunned them altogether, and those who have rambled into them have found that they led to nothing. Of all branches of history that of Ireland is richest in these *culs-de-sac*, being itself not a very well marked thoroughfare, nor free from a tendency to bring the passenger up at a dead wall. Yet enthusiastic Celts are for ever rushing into these bye-ways, and expecting to find in them the real gold of historical interest, as surely as a California lies hid (if only we knew where to look for it), on the Wicklow Mountain. And they argue cogently. Why should a poetical and patriotic branch of the Celtic race be without historical episodes of interest on one side of the St. George's Channel, when another less poetical, if not less patriotic, abounds in them on the other side?

The Irish chiefs are in no respect inferior to their Scottish rivals. For harshness of name, the McGillicuddy of the Reeks, pronounced Mugglecuddy, may fairly be held to distance

"Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp,"

and the more euphonious Florence MacCarthy Mor was as turbulent as the roughest Highland chief commemorated by Sir Walter Scott. Sound trumpets then, and enter all the McGillicuddies and Florence MacCarthy Mor, whose several bye-ways two patriotic Irish scholars have lately explored. In Dr. Brady's "McGillicuddy Papers" we have a selection of family records, such as county historians love to accumulate to the fattening of their vast folios and the huge delight of the county families, compiled with great skill and evident attention to detail and accuracy, showing a knowledge and a respect for the subject. In the Life and Letters of Florence MacCarthy, an enthusiastic MacCarthy has enthusiastically treated an episode of his family history.

It is much to be regretted that Daniel MacCarthy (Glas), of Gleann-a-chroim, cannot see with Saxon objectivity the true character of what to his Milesian subjectivity is a new "Iliad." What, after all, is the long episode of the life of Florence MacCarthy Mor? It is a story of the head of a powerful house contesting with treacherous countrymen and unscrupulous foreigners his undoubted rights; but is it therefore heroic? A law-suit may not be heroic, however strong a claim, and however great the difficulties of the claimant. And the life and adventures of this Irish chief are not any more heroic than a law-suit, and are indeed very much made up of law-business. There is a good deal of marching and countermarching, of rebellions of various sizes, and more or less countenance given them by the hero; but his main labour was to get out of prison, and to recover or hold his property. There is, indeed, under the surface of the story a strong moral which the author is anxious enough to point; a main cause of the misery of Ireland under the Tudors and later sovereigns was due to the unscrupulous settling and allotting lands by the conquerors, who treated the native or mere Irish as their later compatriots did the American Indians and the Australians. But the patriotic writer seems wholly blind to a scarcely if at all less important cause of his country's misfortunes—a cause without which these misfortunes could not have been as heavy as they were—the extraordinary and unpatriotic intestine quarrels among the Irish chiefs themselves, who were thus constantly playing into the hands of the hated Saxons. This biography affords instances enough of these intestine quarrels, but we have looked in vain for one case of the real patriotism that prefers the good of the country to personal advantage, and which, in however misguided a form, was not wanting with the rebels of the eighteenth century. We are reminded in the wearisome marchings and countermarchings, the greatly vaunted preparations ending in nothing, and the great battles without results, of the history of England under the Tudors, as related by Froude. But we have not the satisfaction as in that history of knowing that all these intricate movements had their spring in the great political

* The McGillicuddy Papers, &c. By W. Maziere Brady, D.D. London: Longmans.

The Life and Letters of Florence MacCarthy Reagh. By Daniel MacCarthy (Glas). London: Longmans.

and religious struggles of the time,—that a rising in the north was not merely an effort of Northumberland and Westmoreland to gain their former power, or even to set up a rival sovereign, but was actually intended to overthrow the Established Church; and thus we are content to watch these intricate movements, because of the vast issues depending upon them. In Ireland somehow nothing ever did, perhaps ever could, come of these little wars but the demoralization of the whole country, and the formation, in conquerors as well as conquered, of characters fatal to the well-being of both, and unhappily still in full vigour.

We turn with some satisfaction to "The McGillycuddy Papers," a simple collection of family records, published as such, and also "as affording a valuable and entirely trustworthy illustration of the mode in which the estates of an Irish chieftain were in part preserved to his descendants, notwithstanding their confiscation under the reign of Elizabeth, and in despite of the Act of Settlement and other legal dangers and difficulties to which Irish properties were exposed during subsequent reigns." But we do not think our readers would thank us for doing more than acknowledge Dr. Brady's careful editing.

THE PERCY FOLIO.*

BISHOP PERCY'S folio manuscript, the source of the "Reliques," is at last in course of publication. The greater portion of its contents will undoubtedly not disappoint expectation. There might have been, in our opinion, some weeding, but perhaps it is vain to protest, as it seems now considered to be the duty of an editor to print all the blunders of his author or copyist, and, *à fortiori*, to omit nothing of the contents of a manuscript. This is a reaction against the carelessness of our predecessors, who not only did what they pleased in the way of emendation, but improved and modernized until the original was scarcely traceable. They put Julius Cæsar into top-boots; we are careful to exhibit the baldness he was anxious to conceal.

The greater part of the first volume now before us is, then, full of interest and value, for it gives us new or more accurate versions of some of the best of our old ballads and romances. We can thus go straight to an early form of some of these poems, often the earliest form in which most readers could understand, or any could appreciate them. Older forms would be hard in style and rough in versification, and want the completeness of plot shown by these later ones. Unfortunately, however, the manuscript is in a very defective state, half of every leaf up to p. 58 being wanting, this being an especially interesting part, and the rest is not free from difficulties of language. Those who expect a Percy's "Reliques," with all the ballads readable and complete, will be sorely disappointed; but the students of our early literature will welcome many, even of the fragments, as valuable additions to their now considerable library. An essential difference in a ballad may be shown by a fragment, and we may thus trace its origin, or even the origin of a whole cycle.

The volume begins with Robin Hood ballads, to which there is an interesting introduction, written like the greater number of introductions, by Mr. Hales, who with Mr. Furnivall edits the collection. The curious question of the individuality of the outlaw, who, like King Arthur, has been placed by modern critics in the regions of pure imagination, is here well discussed, the editor coming to the conclusion that Robin Hood really existed, though the political feeling of the age in which we find him, the ideal type of an English yeoman, evidently did much to idealize him. It is well shown that as Arthur was the favourite hero of the nobles, Robin Hood was of the commons, and thus that as Arthur came to be the ideal representative of what a knight should be, Robin Hood, as we first find him in ballads, is an ideal yeoman, whose personal history it is vain to attempt to construct from the scanty historical notices and the cycle of poetry that grew around his memory. So much is certain, that there was a famous outlaw of this name—a Yorkshireman apparently—whose exploits and generous character attracted the admiration of the commons, who could never sympathize with the courtly virtues of the Arthurian tales. As the commons gained in power and the barons declined, Robin Hood became the popular hero of England itself, the great bowman always uppermost in men's minds in the archery meetings, which had taken the place of the tournaments, as the commons had succeeded to the barons. The great beauties of the Robin Hood ballads are their simple but keen appreciation of nature and natural life, and their thorough honesty of the hero, who never forgets chivalry in his dislike for the oppressor of his class.

There are several Arthur ballads in the series, to two of which there is a valuable introductory essay on the historical character of Arthur, a most difficult question. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Furnivall, that though there is no evidence of Arthur's existence, it is unreasonable to suppose him a mere myth of fancy. It was the custom of early romancers to construct their heroes out of historical originals, although in time all trace of the original disappeared in the gradual development of the ideal. If Arthur were at all like the Arthur of Welsh romance, as most likely a real Arthur would have been, it is fortunate that this has been the case. The most interesting of these ballads seems to us

"King Arthur's Death," which it is a curious study to compare with the Laureate's "Morte d'Arthur."

Some unhistorical ballads, not of the cycle of Arthur, are included in the collection; of these "Eger and Grine" is the best. It was previously only known from a corrupt and diluted copy, so that we may fairly look on it as a newly-discovered ballad, and so good a one that we may well give up some space to an epitome of it. Though, of course, a love-story, it has the rare purpose of illustrating the strength of friendship. Eger and Grine, or Grime (Graham), are two knights, not of the same kin, but sworn brothers. Eger, a younger son, has no lands, but is famous for his prowess. Winglayne, daughter of the greatest noble of his country, who will marry no one who does not win every battle, loves him, until at length he returns from an adventure wounded and his arms lost or broken. He has encountered Sir Gray-steele, a knight who keeps a forbidden land, by whom he has been worsted and deprived of the little finger of his right hand. In recounting to Grine his mischance, he tells how on his return he met a lady,—

"a fairer was neuer seene,
me-thought her coming did me good"—

who undertook his cure. This lady, called Looselain for her skill in surgery, makes an important figure in the rest of the story. Grine does all he can to cheer his friend, and to prevent his calamity from coming to Winglayne's ears. But she overhears it, and despises him. It is in vain that Grine, who is great in making excuses, says how Eger had beaten Gray-steele, but was attacked on his return by fifteen thieves and wounded. Winglayne despises him, and Eger tells the poor lover that, as the side-note has it, she is already flirting; but as the manuscript more antiquely,—

"... priue messengers have come and gone
betwixt your ladye and Erle Olgea,"

which for once does not seem to be a fib, to conclude from the rest of the lady's conduct, which is really after the nineteenth-century style. Eger, however, can only mourn and sigh, and so there is nothing for it but that Winglayne should be appeased, and accordingly Grine comes to this resolution:—

"& I myselfe will make me sicke at home
till a certen space be comen and gone
& that such a disease hath taken mee
that I may noe man heare nor noe man see.
Palyas my brother shall keep you att home
& I myself will to that battell gone,
& I shall feitch Gray-steeles right hand,
or I shall leaue another finger in that Land."

So Eger appears one day in a window, reading romances, and then takes leave of great and small; but Winglayne answers his farewell drily. He, of course, goes back to his room, and Grine slips out. Winglayne having had the satisfaction of watching her supposed lover riding away to destruction, goes to his chamber to ridicule him to his friend Grine's brother, who pulls his curtains, courteously sets the lady a chair, and manages to hold Eger down while she is flouting him.

Meanwhile Grine rides towards Gray-steele's land. First he reaches the country of Looselain, who had cured his friend, and learns she had lost her betrothed and her father's heir by the terrible Gray-steele. He discovers the lady, among many others, in a garden, by Eger's description, and pretends to be his friend. The lady kisses him, but seeing his hand gloveless, knows he cannot be Eger, and is full of anger and scorns him. He, already deeply in love with her, explains, and the lady forgives him. He can neither touch meat nor drink. The lady leads him to a chamber and takes off his armour, and he is laid in his bed:—

"the Ladye lonesome of hew & hyde
sett her downe by his bedside,
she layd a sowter (psalter) upon her knee,
& theron shee playd full lone-somye,
& her 2 mayds full sweetlye sang,
& euer they wept, and range their hands."

Grine soon learns why the lady sorrows, and that she will never be well till Gray-steele is punished. If he be come to fight Gray-steele she can advise him. Next day there is a rich breakfast, but Grine cannot eat nor drink, but will a "cuppe of wine":—

"he took leaue of that Ladye cleare,
& rydeth towards the freesh riuer.
Early in that May morning,
merrely when the birds can sing,
the throstlecocke, the Nightingale,
the laueracke and the wild woodhall, [witwall or
golden ouzle]
the rookes risen in euery riuer
the birds made a blissfull bere [noise]

He encounters and kills Gray-steele, not without a severe fight, and brings away his hand to the lady.

"to the Ladyes chamber he tooke the way
att supper where shee was sett,
but neuer a Morsel might shee eate:
'a!' shee sayd, 'now I think on that knight
that went from me when the day was alight!
yesternight to the chamber I him Ledd;
this night Gray-steele hath made his bed!
alas! he is foule lost on him!
that is much pittye for all his kine!"

* Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by J. W. Hales, M.A., and F. J. Furnivall, M.A. Vol. I. London: Trübner.

for he is large of blood and bone,
 & goodlye nurture lacketh he none;
 & he his [is] fayre in armes to fold,
 He is worth to her his waight in gold;
 woe is me, for his loue in his countrie
 shee may thinke longe or she him see!
 with that she thought on her Lord Attelstone
 that they water out of her eyen ran."

At that moment Grine enters, and she kisses him twenty times, and takes her enemy's hand; then she takes him to his chamber—

"& to a chamber she him Ledd,
 & all his armour of was done,
 & the Ladye searched his wounds soone.
 the Ladye was neuer see soe sounde
 when shee saw hee had no death wound;
 for euer thought that fayre Ladye
 his wedded wife that shee shold bee."

The lady's father of course invites Grine to stay, sets him next his daughter at dinner, and gently asks him:—

"Sir, beene you marryed in your countrie?"
 Grime answered him hastilye
 I never had wiffe nor yett Ladye."

Upon which they are betrothed—"handfasted,"—the marriage-day is fixed, and Grine promises to return. On his arrival at home, Grine, with his usual unscrupulous fibbing, gets Eger the credit of his success, and of course his friend and Winglayne are married, as well as he and Looselain, and have many children, and live in great honour and happiness.

It is a beautiful ballad, the plot excellent, the events interesting, the characters consistent; but this praise does not do justice to its delicacy, refinement, and nature. It is of the golden age, whose reflection ever shines brightly in our dull time. Such men as Joinville must have read such romances; and as our contemporaries, like caterpillars, take the colour of the sensation novels they feed on, so did the old knights gain the complexion of the chivalric ideal. We may laugh at the small rooms, bad food, and rough existence of the middle ages, but we shall do well to remember that in the middle ages people believed in virtues that the generality now set down as incredible, while not a few even ridicule them.

Our readers will not, we think, blame us for having given so much space to this newly-discovered ballad, and will let us pass by the remaining contents of the volume—chivalric and historical ballads. Of the latter, one of the most noteworthy is "Scotish Feilde," taking its name from its main subject, the battle of Flodden Field, an excellent old ballad, by a gentleman of Cheshire, and hot partisan of the Stanleys. So here we must part company for the present from these ancient worthies, hoping soon to welcome them once more.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.*

THERE is a very great difference between fun and humour, and if the line is to be studied, we cannot refer to a better example than the subject of the work now before us. There is a strong resemblance in the spirit of Mr. Lever's novels and the stories and essays of Professor Aytoun. Scotchmen and Irishmen are supposed to possess almost antagonistic qualities, but in reality their natures run at several points of contact, one into the other. This is true in reference especially to inferior men—the men rather of talent than of genius. The poetry of Scotland is in feeling closely allied to the peasant poetry of Ireland, the latter, however, not being fortunate enough to find a literary exponent who could bring it into a classic recognition. The jokes and quips published recently by Dean Ramsay, when read in connection with the repartees accredited to our neighbours at the other side of the Channel, will also serve to indicate a union of humorous temperament between the two peoples. There is, indeed, this difference, that the Scot imparts a certain dryness to the flavour of his remarks, while the Irishman gives you a rich fruity taste upon his. We can detect, however, a certain connection between the vintages.

Aytoun was in one sense a humorist, but not in the first sense. To be a humorist the pathos of genius must be present. Aytoun was no genius. His poetry, often brilliant, often sweet, frequently picturesque, always luminous, was never of the first class. His prose was smart, agile, and forcible, but wanted the supreme excellence. In parody he was not equal to Thackeray, though he was perhaps better accomplished and prepared for that exercise than the author of "Vanity Fair." Then it is difficult to estimate Aytoun by his contributions to *Blackwood*. Many of them now read as lifeless and as stale as a newspaper of a twelvemonth old. *Blackwood* was, in Aytoun's best days, a kind of Tory journal, with more of the journalistic than of the magazine element in its leading features. Aytoun and Wilson threw themselves vigorously into the task of forwarding Tory principles, and however successful their efforts might have been so far as the proprietors of *Maga* were concerned, there is no doubt but that they seriously impaired their chances of an enduring reputation in literature. Wilson, it must be said, was often prejudiced against a poet who might be

suspected of Whiggery, and his criticism, even in matters of purely literary interest, become coloured with his political opinions. Aytoun did not sin so much in this particular, but he was not altogether free from a similar partiality. His personal character, which we are willing to take from Mr. Martin's account, forbids our charging him with a conscious unfairness; but the credulity of advocacy is a complaint as likely to attack a reviewer who writes in a red-hot party paper, as a barrister who foams with eloquence to protect a pickpocket at Quarter Sessions.

In the book before us there is nothing very remarkable. The interest which arises from following a career which, simple and straight enough, attained its ambition without hardship or adventure, is naturally slight to the general public, but to persons of literary tastes the story told here is not without a moral. Ladies and gentlemen who think that there is nothing easier than to write, would do well to read this book, and observe how conscientiously and thoughtfully a man of high talents and capacity set about preparing himself for letters. Magazine contributors might observe that Aytoun considered it requisite to be a scholar before he became a teacher. Our funny men, of all others, would benefit by noticing how wit and wisdom might be made to combine with an elegance of diction and of style, and an avoidance of that literary rib-poking and pit-mugging which passes for liveliness amongst some of our modern comic writers. To burlesque-compositors we commend the following:—

"The form of dramatic composition now most in vogue is the burlesque; or, in the language of the great Planché, 'the original, grand, comic, romantic, operatic, melo-dramatic, fairy extravaganza!' There is a title for you, that would have put Polonius to the blush. I have invested some three shillings in the purchase of several of these works, in order that I might study at leisure the bold and brilliant wit, the elegant language, and the ingenious metaphors which had entranced me when I heard them uttered from the stage. I am now tolerably master of the subject, and therefore beg to hand you a recipe for the concoction of one of these delectable dishes. Take my advice, and make the experiment yourself. Select a fairy tale, or a chapter from the Arabian Nights; write out the *dramatis personæ*, taking care that you have plenty of supernaturals, genii, elves, gnomes, ghouls, or vampires, to make up a competent *corps de ballet*: work out your dialogue in slipshod verse, with as much slang repartees as you possibly can cram in, and let every couplet contain either a pun or some innuendo upon the passing events of the day. This in London is considered as the highest species of wit, and seldom fails to bring down three distinct rounds of applause from the galleries. I fear you may be trammelled a little by the scantiness of local allusions. Hungerford-bridge and Trafalgar-square, as I have already hinted, have kept the Cockneys in roars of laughter for years, and are dragged forward with unrelenting perseverance, but still undiminished effect, in each successive extravaganza. I suspect you will find that the population of Glasgow are less easy to be tickled, and somewhat jealous of quips at their familiar haunts. However, don't be down-hearted. Go boldly at the Gorbals, the Goosebush, and the great chimney-stalk of St. Rollox; it is impossible to predict how boldly the municipal pulce may bound beneath the pressure of a dextrous finger. Next, you must compose some stanzas, as vapid as you please, to be sung by the leading virgin in pantaloons; or, what is better still, a few parodies adapted to the most popular airs. I see a fine field for your ingenuity in the Jacobite relics; they are entwined with our most sacred national recollections, and therefore may be desecrated at will. Never lose sight for a moment of the manifold advantages derivable from a free use of the trap-door and the flying-wires; throw in a transparency, an Elysian field, a dissolving view, and a miniature Vesuvius, and

'My basnet to a 'prentice cap,'

you will take all Glasgow by storm, and stand henceforward crowned as the young Euripides of the West."

Aytoun devoted himself with considerable unction and success to attacking the speculative depredators, who, during the railway fever, managed to swindle the public throughout England and Scotland. He was very felicitous in his narratives touching this subject, mingling with considerable fun a pleasant sentimental interest and sound commercial advice. "How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway," was one of those hits which took immensely, and it still retains its popularity as a typical case. As a lecturer, Mr. Martin speaks in moderate praise of Aytoun, who followed Thackeray in this respect, but not with Thackeray's success. There is a characteristic letter from Pendennis in this book, and Mr. Martin tells us that the only bitter thing Aytoun ever said was in reference to Thackeray—"That he ought to stick to his Jeameses: they were more in his line than the Georges." There are very bitter and, in fact, very stupid charges brought against Mr. Dickens in an article reprinted by Mr. Martin in his appendix, and we cannot but remark that the republication of such a paper shows one danger of biographical sub-editing. Surely, Mr. Martin, a gentleman of taste and capacity, should have seen the nonsense, vulgarity, and rancour which pervades every line of the "Advice to an Intending Serialist," and out of respect to the memory of the writer, suppressed the paper altogether. Aytoun seems to have been of a light-hearted, joyous temperament. He was fond of field sports, and spent many of his holidays upon the Highlands, walking, fishing, or shooting. He did not mix much in purely literary society, and seldom appeared in London. Mr. Martin's acquaintance with him and the history of the "Bon Gaultier" ballads are duly recorded in this volume. With regard to Mr. Martin's own work, in the construction of the memoir it is satisfactory, with the exception which we have indicated. He does not Boswellize offensively, and he strings the

* Memoir of William Edmondstone Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c., &c. By Theodore Martin. With an Appendix. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

few incidents he has to relate with some neat criticisms, neither very new nor very profound, but which are apposite, true, and well expressed.

SHORT NOTICES.

By the Seashore: Reveries of a Traveller. By the Countess de Gasparin. Authorized translation. (London: Edmonston & Douglass.)—This is an agreeable sentimental book for people who like sentiment and wish to bring it to the seashore with them. Gazing with emotion at the tide is, we know, a favourite recreation at this time of the year, and a sort of handbook to gushing may be useful to a beginner. The Countess de Gasparin writes well, and the translator has executed his task with care and taste; but what a troublesome thing it must be for a woman to have such a soul! A steamer drives her into rhapsodies, the wind suggests unutterable things, which, nevertheless it takes some time to write, are unutterable. The Countess has every wish to be a poetess without the power. She is nice and gloomy at one moment, nice and gay at another, feminine and ladylike always. Her volume would be a far pleasanter companion on the sands than the mustard-coloured novel or small treatises on the private affairs of shrimps and other common objects. The reflections are all in that vein which lies as near poetry as gold-leaf approaches a solid ingot. There is a little too much "spasmody" in it but there is a growing taste for fervour in England, and we have no doubt that many people will accept the Countess' ecstatic paragraphs for expressive sketches directly inspired by genius.

Paris Guide, par les Principaux Ecrivains de la France. Deuxième Partie. (A. Lacroix, Verbeekhoven, & Co., à Bruxelles, Leipzig, et Livourne.)—We think this second volume of the Paris Guide far more interesting to ordinary readers than the first. It so far resembles the first that it is a collection of essays written by the most celebrated writers of France on Paris, but the subjects happen to be those which are more attractive to English readers at least. Some of the essays are very peculiar. That on the English colony in Paris comes under this head, but it is also very amusing, and displays an acuteness, and, some may think, asperity of criticism by which such of our countrymen as are impartial may benefit. M. Lemoine, the writer of the article, thinks that the English in Paris are very egotistical:—"Même quand vous comprenez leur langue ils aiment mieux parler leur mauvais Français; c'est tout simple; ils tiennent plus à faire leur éducation que la vôtre; vous êtes pour eux un livre et une grammaire, il faut que l'étranger soit utilisé, il est fait pour cela." Then, again, he is offended with the "offensive" feeling of nationality the Englishman has:—"Il en est imprégné, pétri, il en est fatigué, offensant." The only good thing M. Lemoine seems to think the English abroad have ever done is to introduce athletic games—rowing, cricket, croquet, &c. He is, we think, very hard on the ladies when he says:—"Voyez comme ces jolies Anglaises, blanches et roses supportent bien le vin de sherry et le vin de champagne! Voyez les au beau milieu de la journée aller faire leur goûter chez les pâtisseries, avec du café, du chocolat, des glaces, toutes sortes de gâteaux ou de sandwiches; l'on s'étonne de la quantité de petites pâtés qu'elles peuvent contenir!" It is true this ungallant writer tries to make some amends to the English ladies towards the end of the article, where he says:—"Mais ne vous trompez pas dans ce bloc encore inculte il y a tout les éléments d'une superbe œuvre d'art. Quelle belle construction! quelle grande architecture! Attendez que l'art y ait mis la main; attendez que l'Anglaise ait appris à marcher, à se tenir, à s'habiller et qu'à sa beauté native elle ait ajouté la grâce acquise, vous aurez le plus beau type de la création, de la civilisation." This is but a left-handed compliment after all. What will the English ladies think, when they are told that they have not yet learned how to walk, stand, or dress themselves? We pity M. Lemoine if he ever ventures amongst them again, except incognito. The chapters on the American, German, Polish, and other foreign colonies in Paris are also interesting, and although this volume is perhaps the most readable of guides we have ever met, we are not quite sure whether "Guide" is not a misnomer for it, as we remarked of the first volume.

Contes et Critiques Français. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. (Longmans & Co.)—This is a collection of tales and criticisms by French writers, given in their native language. In such a volume as this the compiler can be given no credit, except for his or her good taste. This the author of "Amy Herbert" has not displayed remarkably. Some of the pieces she has chosen are very good, as, for instance, "Jean Voljean," by Victor Hugo, and a criticism on Pope, by Taine; but why in a volume of such limited dimensions has she given seven quotations from A. Dumas and four from H. Taine, and left unnoticed a host of celebrated French writers? The glossary attached is extremely meagre, and we should think it likely to be of scarcely any use. It should have been fuller, or not have appeared at all, in our opinion.

The Poetical Works of Caroline Bowles Southey. Collected Edition. (William Blackwood & Sons.)—There is a pleasure in reading these poems which comes from a sentiment altogether apart from their intrinsic merit. An old song, invested with the charm and the quaintness of age, with its simple intervals, or its old-fashioned graces, is often acceptable for the associations connected with it, and the incantation power felt in it of raising up forgotten memories. The poems in this volume resemble such music. Here are the tunes upon the poetical spinet which found an audience fit and not few in the days of the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Lakers*. The brooding Wordsworthian spirit, the calm Windermere style of the year 1818, contrast strangely with the passionate fervour and emotional sublimity of the modern school. There is, however, a place for the poetry of Caroline Bowles Southey, and we should regret to see her verses lost. The pathos of her muse, if thin, is yet sweet and pure. She sings of death, of immortality, of flowers and child-love, with a sense of their beauty which is at once touching and simple. There is here none of the wild vehemence or the weird force of such a

woman as Mrs. Browning—none of the profound susceptibility and polished unconsciousness of Miss Procter—none of the bold dashes, relieved with delicate underlines, which we find in Miss Craig—but a clear, infant-like expression of surface-thought, which has its own educational use, and which we should wish to have preserved to us as long as we can keep a taste for the less complicate elements of poetry. The "Landing of the Primrose in Australia" is a ballad which puts the English love of home in a light so beautiful and so attractive that the writer must have lenient critics wherever the sympathy of an almost ethereal tenderness is appreciated.

Records of Whitecross-street Prison by an Eye Witness. (H. Vickers.)—The "eye witness" of these "records" was, according to his own account, a prisoner: "within the gloomy walls of Whitecross-street Prison for not filing an answer to certain proceedings," a mild and innocent cause of incarceration, which allows the writer to state his position with candour and without disgrace. There is a certain ability in the book, but it reeks with a pestilent vulgarity. The "scenes" are got up in the artistic style of Reynolds' *Miscellany*, although occasionally there are bits of real nature which seem to have escaped from the writer rather than to have been the deliberate productions of his pen. The wasted cleverness of the whole thing is pitiable. It is, of course, a made book, and of a class which can only be utilized when regarded by a critic as fit for dissection. There are works published which are simply diseased excrescences upon the body of romantic literature, and whose function it is to exemplify what ought not to be written again. We are not now speaking of the "eye witness" himself, who, from his manner, is evidently one of those writers who compose to order with a secondhand and an invention which, if better directed and controlled, would transfer them from Holywell-street to Paternoster-row. They are just as ingenious and as imaginative in their way as the sensation novelist who manages to get above them by chance or by interest. However, by their works you shall know them, and the "Records of Whitecross-street Prison" show at least that the author has read Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" and "Amelia." He may accept this as a compliment, for we do not believe that the ordinary manufacturers of these yellow-coloured nastinesses ever read anything except Divorce-Court trials and the weekly murders in the papers.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RAILWAY communications corrupt good country. In other words, every line of rail penetrating into hitherto virgin territory does a certain mischief to the pastoral beauty of the region (supposing there to be any)—primarily by its own cuttings, embankments, stations, depots, &c., and, secondarily, and in a worse degree, by the little colonies of desirable (or undesirable) villa residences which it carries with it from the large towns, especially London. The Highgate, Finchley, and Edgware Railway, opened on Thursday, lays bare to the building speculator a tract of country rich in natural beauty, and particularly dear to the literary man on account of its associations with many illustrious authors. The *Daily News* has published a very pleasant article describing the whole course of the rail through its brief career of nine miles, from the King's Cross terminus of the Great Northern line, to the vicinity of Canons, once the seat of the princely Duke of Chandos. Memories of literary men and their works track us all along. At Crouch End, we are reminded of Rogers and Tom Moore; at Maswell Hill, of Dr. Johnson; at Highgate, of Andrew Marvell, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Keats; at Finchley, of Dickens's "Bleak House," which is said to have been written at a farm there; and at Canons, of Pope's magnificent description of the Duke of Chandos's sybaritical palace, long since vanished. The country to the north-west of London has been very little altered up to the present time, and there are parts of Middlesex in that direction which, for beauty of hill and dale, of wood and meadow, are almost unsurpassed. We fear that this new railway will in time cause the destruction of a good deal that is now charming in its rural loveliness. "All along the line in the neighbourhood of the stations," says the writer in the *Daily News*, "people are preparing to build. At Finchley alone, it is said, on one estate no less than four hundred and fifty houses, at rents from £40 to £100, are to be erected within a few months, and Edgware will, in like manner—if land is to be had, and builders are spirited enough—revive and flourish. But the land here belongs to All Souls' College, Oxford, and it is hard to buy." Of course these things must be, and it is mere effeminacy to object to them; but those who have no ground to let on building lease, and who do not speculate in house property, but who love the old green lanes and grassy fields as places of infinite refreshment for the tired spirit, may be excused if they sigh a little as they see one retreat after another disappearing from the contiguity of London.

We learn that the leading poem in Mr. Buchanan's forthcoming volume of verse is the story of a fisherwoman on the coast of Scotland, entitled "Meg Blane." Of the other long Scotch poems, one entitled "The Northern Wooing" is a love-story; another has for theme the too-celebrated Highland evictions; and a third is a wild Covenanting piece, entitled "The Battle of Drumlie Moor." Mr. Buchanan's prose volume, "David Gray, &c.," will contain, besides the biography which gives the book its name, papers on English and American poets, and on the principles of poetic art in general. The poems will be published by Messrs. Routledge & Co.; the prose by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

"A literary piano" is described in the *Missouri Republican*, which says:—"Mr. Pratt, of Alabama, is the inventor of a type-writing machine, lately exhibited to the London Society of Arts, which is said to print a man's thoughts twice as fast as he can write them with the present process. By a sort of piano arrangement the letters are brought in contact with carbonized paper, which is moved by the same manipulation. The machine is compact and simple, and can be made for fifteen dollars with a handsome profit." Some years ago, a

similar machine was invented for printing, but it does not seem to have answered. We greatly doubt whether Mr. Pratt's writing-machine is likely to do away with the use of pen and ink.

The late Mrs. Austin, the translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes," and other works, was the writer of many reviews and articles in the *Athenæum* and other journals. In a notice of her, the *Athenæum* says:—"After Mr. Austin's death she bent herself to the difficult and grave task of arranging for publication the 'Lectures on the Principles of Jurisprudence,' which his great delicacy of health had prevented him from putting in order. In brief, she was a complete, select, and distinguished literary artist, and we can name no woman who can precisely fill the void left by her departure."

As a result of the recent visit of the Royal Archaeological Institute to Hull, an antiquarian section has been added to the Literary and Philosophical society of that town. At the first meeting of this section, a paper by Mrs. Everett Green, on "The Siege of Hull," was read. It was chiefly compiled from the King's pamphlets in the British Museum, and is well spoken of. Monthly meetings of this section are proposed, and excursions to places of archaeological interest in the neighbourhood will from time to time take place.

As the publications of the Camden Society are getting scarce, the secretary, Mr. J. G. Nichols, has requested the members to complete their sets without delay. For a short time he offers the books for each year, except the two last and the first (which are out of print), at a reduced price.

General T. Perronet Thompson's letters to his constituents, originally published under the title of "Audi Alteram Partem," in three volumes, are about to be republished in a third edition in one volume, by Messrs. Heywood & Co., with the designation, "Letters of General T. Perronet Thompson to his Constituents on the Indian Mutiny, and all Public Matters," with a memoir of the General, written by Mr. W. S. Northhouse.

Mr. Edmund Yates is about to publish a novel in a new Liverpool paper, bearing the name of the *Leader*—a title made famous in journalism several years ago by a London paper started by Mr. Thornton Hunt and Mr. G. H. Lewes—not by the latter, and Mr. Edward Whitty, as the *Publishers' Circular* states, though Mr. Whitty (who is now deceased) afterwards wrote in it.

The friends and relatives of the late Mrs. Abdy have printed, for private circulation, an eighth series of "Poems," consisting mainly of verses reprinted from different Magazines and Annuals.

The Duke of Wellington (says the *Athenæum*) is printing in triplicate the entire body of his father's papers. One copy is to be kept at Strathfieldsaye, one at Apsley House, and a third at the Duke's bankers.

Among the literary persons who have obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour is Mr. Spiers, Professor of English at the École des Ponts et Chaussées, and author of the English and French dictionary which bears his name.

A grand Eisteddfod at Flint was commenced on Tuesday week, within the walls of the ruined castle.

Dr. Boeckh, the learned Hellenist, whose death we mentioned a fortnight ago, has bequeathed his library to the Berlin University. His decease leaves vacant the honorary Chancellorship of the Order of Merit for Sciences and Arts, successively occupied by Humboldt, Savigny, Cornelius (the painter), and Boeckh.

The *New York Times* alludes, in a tone of just indignation, to "the practise of defacing books belonging to public libraries," which appears to be common in the chief American city. The pages, it seems, are scribbled over, and often with the most outrageous indecency. The worst of it is that the officials make a jest of the matter.

The system of circulating libraries on a large scale is about to be tried in New York, where, as in America generally, and also on the Continent of Europe, these associations are but slightly known.

Miss Dickens, a daughter of the novelist, "christened" the war-steamer *Blanche*, which, together with another war-vessel, the *Beacon*, was launched on Saturday at Chatham. Mr. Dickens was present on the occasion.

The *Moniteur Belge* of Thursday morning publishes a Convention concluded between Belgium and Switzerland on the 25th of April for the protection of international copyright.

Mr. Sydney Whiting, editor of the *Industrial Catalogue* of the International Exhibition of 1862, succeeds the Hon E. B. Portman as secretary to the Leeds Exhibition of Works of Art.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to publish, with Messrs. BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., by subscription, at two guineas, a "History of Industrial Exhibitions," from their origin in 1851 down to and including the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The work will appear in twelve half-crown parts, and the subscription list is headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Buccleuch, &c.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN have nearly ready, in one volume, with about 400 illustrations on wood, "English Heraldry," by Charles Boutell, M.A., author of "Heraldry, Historical and Popular." The same firm announce that reprints are now ready of Parts I. to V. of *Cassell's Magazine*, price sixpence each. In the September Part of the same periodical will appear, "Personal Recollections of Alexander Smith and of Edinburgh Society," by James Hannay, Esq., late editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT have in the press, "The Sisters of Sainthill," by Lady Blake, a novel, in 3 vols.

"Maximilian, Empereur de Mexique," is the title of a biography of that unfortunate prince, his life, death, and trial, accompanied, it is stated, with unpublished details, which LEBIGRE-DUQUESNE, of Paris, have just brought out.

As a sequel to his interesting work, entitled "La Duchesse de Bourgoigne (Adelaide de Savoie), et la Vieillesse de Louis XIV.," M. Capefigue is about to publish the correspondence of the Duchess with the Duke of Savoy, her father, and the Queen of Spain, her sister, during the Augsburg league against France.

MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES have just republished, in a collected form, the new novel of Octave Feuillet, which was so successful in the *Révue des Deux Mondes*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ben Rhydding: its Beauties, &c. By Rev. R. Wodrow. Fcap., 1s.
 British Rural Sports. By "Stonehenge." 7th edit. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Companion Letter Writer (The). New edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Coxe's Game Book. Oblong 4to., 5s.
 Dumas (A.), The Two Dianas. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Ecce Homo, as Revealed, as Imagined. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Family Friend (The). Vol. for Midsummer, 1867. 8vo., 5s.
 Fitzgerald (W. F. V.), The Suez Canal, &c. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Francis (F.), Book on Angling. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Foreign Office List (The), 1867. 8vo., 5s.
 Good Old Stories. 4to., 5s.
 — Stories. 11th Series. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Handbook (The), for Southern Germany. 10th edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s.
 Mysterious Cooks (The): an Australian Tale. Fcap., 1s.
 New Theory (A) of Geology. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Photographs of the Clyde: with Letterpress. 4to., 21s.
 Post Office Directory of Dorset, Hants, and Wilts. New edit. Royal 8vo., 25s.
 Practical Guide to Paris and the Rhine. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Quiver (The). Vol. II. Toned Paper Series. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Ravenstein (E. G.), Handbook of Gymnastics. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Renan (E.), Life of Jesus. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Records of Whitecross Street. Fcap., 2s.
 Robertson (J.), Gospel Questions. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Ross (G.), Studies: Biographical and Literary. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Scriven (J.), Treatise on Copyholds. 5th edit. Royal 8vo., 30s.
 Simpson (J. Y.), Archaic Sculpturings. 4to., 21s.
 Smith (Major-Gen.), Cavalry Outpost Drill. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Social (The) and Political Dependence of Women. 2nd edit. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Squire (P.), Companion to the British Pharmacopœia, 1867. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Thomson (W.), Practical Treatise on the Grape Vine. 5th edit. 8vo., 5s.
 Trollope (Anthony), Lotta Schmidt, and other Tales. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Tyrel (J. de Poix), International Grammar of Household Words—French and English. 4th edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Uncle John's Travels in Norway. 18mo., 1s.
 Verity (Valentine), Poetical Works. Vol. I. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Williams (C. T.), The Climate of the South of France. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Winter Journey (A) from Gloucester to Norway. Fcap., 1s. 6d.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Four Lines and under	0	2	6
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Advertisements should be forwarded to the Office, 11, Southampton Street, Strand, not later than 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—MONTHLY and WEEKLY TICKETS are issued daily at REDUCED FARES to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE, Dovercourt, Harwich, Aldborough, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Hunstanton.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—A DAY at the SEASIDE.—Every Sunday and Monday, SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE and HARWICH, leaving the Bishopsgate Station at 9.0 a.m. on Sundays, and 8.30 a.m. on Mondays.—Fares, 7s. 6d. first class, 5s. 6d. second, and 3s. third.

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BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the General Hospital, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, 1867.

President—The Right Hon. Earl BEAUCHAMP.

Principal Vocalists—Mdlle. Titiens, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington and [Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Mme. Patey Whytock; Mr. Sims Reeve and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss. Solo Pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; solo violin, M. Sainton; organist, Mr. Stimpson; Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

OUTLINE of the PERFORMANCES.

Tuesday Morning.—Elijah (Mendelssohn).
 Wednesday Morning.—The Woman of Samaria (a sacred cantata)—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. (composed expressly for the Festival); Judas Maccabeus (Handel).

Thursday Morning.—Messiah (Handel).
 Friday Morning.—Messe Solennelle (Gounod); Israel in Egypt (Handel).

Tuesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata, "Alexander's Feast" (Handel); Overture, "Oberon" (Weber); P. F. Concerto in E flat (Benedict); Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.

Wednesday Evening.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture, "Leonora" (Beethoven); P. F. Concerto in F Minor (Professor W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc.); Cantata, "The Legend of St. Cecilia" (Benedict); Classical Vocal Selections, &c.

Thursday Evening.—Cantata, "The Ancient Mariner" (J. F. Barnett), composed expressly for the Festival; Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini); Sonata, pianoforte and violin (Mozart); Vocal Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture, "Masaniello" (Auber).

Friday Evening.—Saint Paul (Mendelssohn).
 Detailed programmes of the performances may be obtained from the principal music-sellers, and will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the offices of the Festival Committee, 28, Colmore-row, Birmingham.

By order,

WILLIAM R. HUGHES, Secretary to the Festival Committee.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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